PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAR 13 193

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVII. No. 419 (New Series) SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 309
CAPITALISM AND THE UNEMPLOYED 312
THE PALESTINE PANORAMA 313
A LONDON DIARY 314
CHINESE INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVES. By James Bertram 315
THIS ENGLAND 317
MONEY FOR NOTHING. By Y. Y. 317
OUR DIMINISHING FERTILITY. By Harry Roberts 318
SHAKESPEAREAN MISCELLANY. By Sagittarius . . 319
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West . . . 320
A GREAT PLAY. By Raymond Mortimer . . 320
DAVOS-PARSENN. By Anne Fremantle . . . 321
THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway 322
PLAYS AND PICTURES 322
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . Page 324
From David Cleghorn Thomson; F. Dèmuth; H. E. Bourne; Harold M. Bolt; N. R. Tillett; Ronald Kidd; Bertram Lloyd; Dr. C. F. Hill and Others; A. L. Rowse; Graham Rawson.
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By John Mair 328
Unity of Europe! By C. E. M. Joad . . . 330
Horse and Cart. By Anthony West . . . 332
Château Burnett 1939. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 332
A Catholic View. By Tom Paine . . . 334
China's Struggle. By A. Morgan Young . . 334
SHORTER NOTICES 336
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 336
CROSSWORD 340
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 342

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE motion of censure in the House of Commons on Tuesday was not merely or mainly a protest against the Government's recognition of Franco. It was an indictment of the whole course of their Spanish policy, in which this recognition is the latest humiliating item. That policy, under the specious name of Non-Intervention, has been largely responsible for the defeat of the Spanish Republic and for the weakening of the cause of democracy over a far wider field. Nor is that all. We have not only recognised Franco, for which Mr. Chamberlain in the circumstances can advance some arguments; the recognition is unconditional, for which his excuses are a lamentable confession of weakness. It would have been "inhuman to prolong the struggle," he says. That is true, but is it not also inhuman to leave a vast multitude of the vanquished loyalists to the tender mercies of the victor? And is it even certain that this precipitate and unconditional recognition is going to shorten the struggle? President Azaña has resigned; the Republican Government is scattered, and we do not know how far its writ now runs. But General Miaja's armies are still in the field and, heavily handicapped as they are, still capable of resistance. They may choose to die fighting (or even hope to win by fighting) in preference to a surrender which would spell, for a host of combatants and non-combatants alike, a wholesale judicial massacre. We sincerely hope their fear of reprisals will prove exaggerated; but it is a fear which extends far beyond Spain, as is shown by the French Government's attempts to negotiate some sort of an amnesty at Burgos.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain, though it may be going too far to accuse him of complete indifference to the fate of the Spaniards, has been singularly complaisant to Franco. He appears to accept at their face value assurances that the General, as an officer and a gentleman, will confine himself to the punishment of "criminals." It does not need much imagination to see who may be included in that category! Apart from this, there is the question of Franco's international policy, about which Mr. Chamberlain must evidently be concerned. Here again he shows astonishing faith in his capacity to deal profitably with the dictator. He has seen no reason to doubt Mussolini's declarations about the Italian withdrawal from Spain. He sees none to doubt Franco's desire to be, and his ability to make himself, master in his own house. There is a good deal of evidence of the desire indeed; but how much is there of the ability? There is no sign that the Duce and the Führer mean to walk out of Spain with all their baggage, and leave their advantages, military or economic, to accrue to the benefit of mankind at large and Great Britain and France in particular. One has only to read the Italian and German press comments on the latest developments, including Mr. Chamberlain's hob-nobbing with Franco, to see how flimsy is that hope.

Arabs and Jews

The Palestine Conference is still in being, as we write, but that is the best that can be said of it. The British Government's plan for resolving the deadlock has met with a critical reception on the Arab side; the Jews have rejected it even as a basis of discussion. That was only to be expected, since it envisages the abandonment (after a transition period) of the Mandate and the creation of an independent Arab Palestine, in which the Jews would find themselves in a permanent minority status, with all that that would imply. It was clear from the start of the Palestinian experiment nearly twenty years ago (and we always insisted on it in this journal) that its success must depend in the last resort on the readiness of Arabs and Jews to reconcile the conflicting pledges given by Great Britain—or to show that there was no real conflict—by coalescing into one Palestinian nation. The Palestine Administration and one British Government after another have often been blamed for not assisting more strenuously in that process. But, with all their sins of omission and commission, they cannot be held wholly or even mainly responsible for the present deplorable gulf between the Arabs and the Jews. It may be that the best hope now of bridging this gulf lies in such a "federal" plan as that which is outlined in an article on another page of this issue, and which we referred to in these Comments several weeks ago.

Colonel Beck and Count Ciano

The visit of Count Ciano to Warsaw, accompanied as it was by violent anti-German demonstrations in several Polish cities, has done little to clarify the attitude of Colonel Beck to the Berlin-Rome axis. The demonstrators, who were largely students, had been particularly incensed by the Nazi treatment of Polish students in Danzig; but there is no doubt that they expressed a general dislike of German domination which is both widespread in the country and highly inconvenient to the Government. Owing to its remoteness, Colonel Beck prefers the bottom end of the axis to the top and the cordiality of Count Ciano's reception was unforced. But he could not bring the Polish Government to accept his proposal that it should indicate its neutrality in the event of an Italian war with France. Although the chief aim of Colonel Beck's policy seems to be to divert German expansion in any direction away from Poland, he recognises that he must retain some contacts with the anti-axis powers, in order to prevent a complete nazification of Polish foreign policy. He has refused therefore to join the axis, and prefers, while cultivating Italian friendship, to stress those points, like the future of Ruthenia, where Polish and Italian interests run counter to those of Berlin.

The Axis and Switzerland

There are signs that increasing pressure is being exercised by the dictatorships to secure the muzzling of the Swiss press. Last week-end three Swiss correspondents in Rome were arbitrarily ordered by the Fascist Government to leave Italy. Representations by the Swiss Minister resulted in the expulsion order being temporarily suspended, but the threat remains. On Monday the German and Italian Ministers in Berne paid a joint visit to the Swiss Foreign Minister. Reports that they demanded general modification of the tone adopted by Swiss newspapers in commenting on German and Italian affairs have been denied by the Federal Political Department; but, in spite of the official *démenti*, it is generally believed that the Ministers renewed previous proposals that there should be a German-Swiss press "convention." The purpose of the convention would ostensibly be to check "provocative propaganda" in newspapers. What Germany is, in effect, demanding is that the Swiss press should be more or less *gleichgeschaltet* and that no news or criticism unfavourable to the axis should be published. The reason for this demand is that M. Daladier's declarations that the integrity of the French Empire will be preserved have been endorsed with approval by most Swiss newspapers, notably those printed in German.

Belgium Again Without A Government

The stop-gap Pierlot Ministry has lasted less than a week and, as we write, Belgium is again in search of a Government. M. Pierlot's administration, after meeting a hostile Parliament and a hostile press, finally broke down because of disagreement among its own members. The Minister of Finance wanted to balance the budget and to enforce a policy of deflation, which he proposed to initiate by reducing the salaries and wages of public employees. To this the Socialist Ministers refused to agree, and the Government resigned without awaiting the verdict of the Chamber on its general declaration of policy. Meanwhile, Dr. Maertens, whose appointment led to the fall of M. Spaak, remains where he was; but the Liberals will not be placated by anything short of his dismissal. In these circumstances, the search for a new Government has to be pursued under very difficult conditions, and only a clear agreement between Catholics and Socialists on internal policy seems to provide a possible basis for a Ministry enjoying the confidence of Parliament.

The Estimates

The 1939-40 Estimates published this week make a formidable total. In round figures, Army net expenditure rises from £106 millions to £148 millions, Naval from £126 millions to over £149 millions, and Air Force from £103 millions to £208 millions, while the Ordnance factories require £17 millions net. Of the total Defence expenditure, namely £523 millions, the sum of £304 millions is to be borrowed, leaving £219 millions to be borne by the budget, as compared with an original budget estimate of £253 millions last year. The cost of the Revenue Departments (excluding the self-balancing Post Office and Broadcasting accounts) is put at £14,646,000, against £14,284,000 millions. Including the sum of about £47 millions which (so far as can be judged from the Defence White Paper) will be borrowed for A.R.P. and emergency food storage, total outgoings under Civil votes will be nearly £484 millions. Of this total £437 millions will be charged to the budget, as compared with £435 millions in 1938-39. The latter figure, however, included a "margin" of £10 millions for Supplementaries—a provision which may have to be repeated in the forthcoming budget, particularly since the preliminary estimate of the cost of unemployment assistance is slightly lower than a year ago, and no funds are provided yet for increased subsidies.

Value for Money ?

In Parliament on Monday Sir Kingsley Wood dealt at some length with Opposition allegations of profiteering in armament contracts, particularly in relation to aircraft. The substance of his case was that the system in force for the control of prices had been pronounced by the Estimates Committee of the House to be " soundly conceived," and that the rate of profits now allowed as an addition to estimated cost was no more than 6 per cent. The question is whether " cost " is accurately estimated. Sir Kingsley argued that estimates by the manufacturers were checked by the Ministry's technical officers, who were in a position to compare quotations with those given for similar types of machine in the past and with prices quoted by competitors. It is difficult to share the Air Minister's apparent complacency in the matter. Let it be conceded that current high rates of dividend on nominal capital have little meaning by themselves and must be judged in relation to the real value of the assets employed. It remains doubtful whether there are enough independent, competing firms of aircraft manufacturers to make comparison of quotations for contracts a very reliable check. Moreover, even if the Ministry's inspectors can gauge more or less the production costs of frame and engine, it is infinitely more difficult to control the prices of the numerous costly components in the modern aeroplane.

The Coal Commission's Plans

The recently established Coal Commission will not enter on its possession of the nation's coal resources until 1942 ; but according to a statement made this week by Sir Ernest Gowers, it is already busily at work. It appears that the Commission does not propose to wait until the coal measures are handed over to it before resuming the attempts to bring about colliery amalgamations which its predecessor, the Reorganisation Commission, had to abandon owing to the excessively restricted powers conferred on it by the Act of 1930. The new Commission has larger powers in this matter, even apart from the great additional power which it will acquire when it becomes the ground-landlord, of all the colliery undertakings. Clearly it does not mean to wait for the colliery owners to come to it with projects—for that would mean in most cases waiting for ever. It will at once make a preliminary survey of the entire coal industry, and then itself draw up and present to the colliery undertakings draft schemes of amalgamation for each area in which they appear to be needed. These schemes will then be open to negotiation and amendment ; and Sir Ernest indicates that he expects the process of fusion to be gradual. He suggests, indeed, that one limit to the speedy development of large unified concerns is the dearth of men capable of managing them ; so that one task will be to train men for the new methods of control. The Commission will also be working out before 1942 a new system of consolidated rents to replace the existing tangle of payments to royalty owners ; but it seems unlikely that the cumbrous powers laid down in the Act for bringing this new system into force before 1942 will prove to be workable in more than a few cases.

Mr. Roosevelt Pours Oil

During the past week, President Roosevelt has again appealed to the rival American Trade Union groups to sink their quarrels ; and Mr. Harry Hopkins has made his first public speech as Secretary of Commerce. Big Business has taken Mr. Hopkins's pronouncement, in conjunction with the President's recent deal with the public utility concerns in the Tennessee Valley, as a sign that the emphasis in Government action has now passed definitely from " reform " to " recovery," and that there is to be no further legislation likely to upset " business confidence." This does not mean that the President is ready to go back on what he has done in the field of the social services, though Mr. Hopkins did hold out the hope of readjustments of the tax system designed to encourage the investing classes. What it does mean is that, for the rest of his term, Mr. Roosevelt, with a refractory Congress to bear in mind, proposes to mark time. If he is to do this with success, it is of the first importance to him that the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. should come to terms and present an orderly front to the business interests, in a common endeavour to develop the processes of collective bargaining and the use of the recent wages and hours legislation. It will not suit Mr. Roosevelt to have labour troubles disturbing the peace which he is trying to make with the business interests, and so stiffening the reactionary spirit among the employers, and making them deaf to his blandishments to re-enter the field of investment on a scale large enough to bring about a real revival.

The *Times* and the B.B.C.

We hope that the campaign against the " sensationalism " of the B.B.C. News Service, which was promoted in the correspondence columns of the *Times* and culminated in a somewhat disingenuous leader, will not divert the Corporation from its policy of unvarnished truthfulness. It is unfortunate that while an influential newspaper can attack the B.B.C. *ad lib.*, the B.B.C. is prevented from answering its allegations over the air. Ever since Munich, partly owing to a fall in advertising revenue and partly perhaps to semi-official pressure, the presentation of news in the daily press has been flagrantly " optimistic," and the general public has been given a quite unjustified impression that things are settling down very nicely. Public complacency is of advantage both to the stock market and to retail trade, and a commercialised press cannot perhaps be blamed for encouraging it. But it will be disastrous if the B.B.C., whose news service is exceptionally free from these influences, is now to be brought into line.

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain the Spring Books Supplement and also a specially selected list of forthcoming books. There will be a short story by V. S. Pritchett, an article by Elizabeth Bowen, and a review by Stephen Spender of Roy Campbell's *Flowering Rifle*. Other reviewers will include John Betjeman, E. G. Boulenger, K. John, Ralph Partridge, Eileen Power, Alan Pryce-Jones, Peter Quennell, Harry Roberts and Leonard Woolf.

CAPITALISM AND THE UNEMPLOYED

It is one thing to argue that unemployment is an inherent vice of the capitalist system, and quite a different thing to suggest that no palliation of it is possible without a complete change in the economic basis of society. Even, therefore, if the Trades Union Congress General Council has at present before it a memorandum dealing with immediate measures to be applied in advance of the coming of Socialism, that does not involve, as some newspapers have been suggesting, any conflict of policy with the Labour Party, or any abandonment of the view that unemployment is endemic in a system which makes the provision of work dependent on the profit-motive. Indeed, the Labour Party itself has again and again put forward the demand for palliative measures; and its recent Commission of Inquiry into the Depressed Areas propounded a whole set of plans which could be applied without abolishing capitalism or making any considerable move towards a Socialist system.

Socialists argue that unemployment cannot be abolished under capitalism, because the working of the profit-motive will nearly always cause the volume of production to fall short of what is needed to secure "full employment," and will do so most of all when the capitalists are largely organised in defensive groups aiming at the maintenance of prices. Where concerted restriction of output becomes at all widespread, unemployment is bound to result from it, both directly and because the formation of close rings and controls narrows the opportunities for investment, and thus tends to bring about a situation in which the available supply of capital cannot be fully put to profitable use. Moreover, capitalism—at any rate of the sort to which we are accustomed in Great Britain—has shown itself powerless to control cyclical fluctuations, so that to the surplus of labour caused by deliberate restriction is added an epidemic surplus arising from cyclical depressions of trade.

This is, broadly, the basis of the Socialist argument. But it has never been argued that nothing can be done to limit unemployment without striking at these root causes. It is, indeed, obvious that much can be done. In the first place, unemployment can be reduced by measures which effectively keep down the rates of interest, and thus encourage business-men to borrow money by improving their expectations of profit. The policy of keeping interest rates low is, of course, bound up with the financial policy followed by the Government and the banks. It is essential to an expansionist policy based on low interest that the Central Bank should place adequate funds at the disposal of the commercial banks, and that the commercial banks should be prepared to lend freely, and should not take an unduly discouraging view of the prospects and credit-worthiness of would-be borrowers. There is no doubt at all that the level of unemployment in Great Britain in recent years would have been a great deal higher than it has actually been if the banking system had persisted in the deflationary attitude which was adopted during the years between the restoration of the gold standard in 1925 and the onset of the world slump.

In effect, up to the present time, the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments have placed almost exclusive reliance on this one method of increasing the volume of employment. They deliberately used the weapon of low interest in order to stimulate the speculative housing boom; and the bankers, as soon as the Labour Government was out of the way, were ready to abandon deflation in favour of a moderately expansionist policy. But to-day, it seems, the stimulus of bank policy needs further reinforcement; and Sir John Simon's forecast of his budget intentions seems to indicate clearly that the Government means to use its second weapon—that of reflationary borrowing—in order to get the most out of rearmament during the next year in the way of increased employment. With ordinary industrial demand declining, it would of course be plain folly further to deflate purchasing power by additions to the burden of taxation. What is called "Public Works Policy" has been often repudiated by Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in earlier years. But they are now, it seems, about to practise what they have refused to preach—for armament-making is, after all, only a special kind of public works.

Here, then, is a second way in which, as the experience of many countries abundantly shows, unemployment can be palliated by Government action under the capitalist system. But it is pretty clear, on the basis of what has happened during the past few years, that not even a very expansive banking policy, involving very low interest rates, coupled with the very heavy expenditure on rearmament which is expected during the coming year, will bring us anywhere near to a condition of "full employment." It will not do so, partly because there are plenty of restrictive combines on the alert to prevent it, and partly because there are, in Lancashire and in the Special Areas, large bodies of unemployed workers who will receive relatively little benefit from a generally expansionist policy as long as foreign trade remains depressed and no special measures are taken to direct expanding industries into these areas in order to replace those which must be regarded as permanently contracted.

There is, in fact, an unanswerable case, over and above the measures needed to bring about a general expansion, for special action to deal with the obstinate problems of the depressed areas. To this special need, if we understand the matter, the interim proposals of the Trades Union Congress General Council are largely directed. It is understood that what the General Council wants is a national planning organisation with enough power and money at its disposal to bring about a systematic re-development of industry in the depressed districts—an organisation free from the disabling restrictions which have so limited the usefulness of the existing Commissioners for the Special Areas.

The new objection—over and above all the familiar objections to any sort of planning—that will be advanced against this proposal will no doubt be that, when the demands of rearmament have been met, there will be no money to spare for any other projects of economic development. We regard this objection as ill-founded; for in our view the limit to the possibilities of State action in promoting economic growth will not have been reached until unemployment has been brought down to the irreducible minimum represented by short-term frictional unemployment and the existence on the registers of persons not really suitable for work. Up to this limit we believe the State should be ready to finance by loans not only rearmament, but other forms of economic development, above all in the areas in which there is a considerable body of long-term unemployed.

Finally, while we have the greatest sympathy for the idea that young men who are jobless had much better be given work than doles, we feel the strongest suspicion of some of the projects now being put forward for regimenting this particular group of unemployed into labour camps, or using them under compulsion for the execution of certain parts of the national defence programme. If projects for employing the young unemployed are to succeed, they must be devoid of any element of compulsion (or the standard of work will be lowered to that of task-work); they should provide for payment at Trade Union rates; and there must be no attempt to impose a rigid military discipline on those who enrol. If these conditions are satisfied, there is everything to be said for inaugurating schemes of healthy, useful and re-creative employment for the young workers who have so far been left to decay in idleness. But schemes of employment must not be mixed up here, as they have been in other countries, with schemes of military training or compulsory service.

THE PALESTINE PANORAMA

[From a Correspondent Lately in the Middle East]

Not unexpectedly the Conferences on Palestine have reached a deadlock. The proposals submitted by His Majesty's Government have not been officially published; but they are regarded in Arab quarters as being favourable to their cause and have been summarily rejected by the Jews as a basis for discussion. It is known that a "unitary" and not a "bi-national" State has been suggested, and it may be questioned whether any such State would ever be acceptable to Jewish opinion, or whether it is reconcilable with our obligations to the Jews already settled (with our encouragement) in Palestine, let alone with the Balfour Declaration. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has stated, however, that the proposals are "fluid" and capable of adjustment.

The problem is one of reconciling conflicting promises, and it is the purpose of this article to show that it can only be solved by taking into account Syria and the other neighbouring Arab territories. A solution inapplicable to a minute area becomes possible in a larger one, and Palestine's problems cannot be considered *in vacuo*.

Of all countries formerly under the Ottoman Empire, Palestine has advanced least politically, despite its cultural and economic superiority to its neighbours. It remains under a form of Crown Colony administration. While the Arab in Iraq has been liberated from British control, and the Arab in Syria and the Lebanon already enjoys parliamentary government and believed—until recently—that he could look forward to a speedy termination of the French Mandate, the Palestinians have so far had no say in their government. Educated Arabs hold only minor positions in a foreign government and feel themselves cheated of their natural political rights and influence. The British obligation to establish a National Home for the Jews and the failure to define its limits have obstructed the granting of a constitution and raised suspicions as to our intentions. Some Arabs identify Zionism with British expansionist policy, and call the Jews "the pacemakers for British Imperialism." The French have been similarly suspect in their Mandatory Area because of their support of a minority, in this instance the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon.

The fact is that the problems of the two Mandatory Powers are in many ways related; administration of the Arab territories of the former Turkish Empire would have been simplified had they not been divided between two Powers which imposed different currencies and different economic and political systems. Great Britain accepted responsibility for Iraq and Palestine; she secured the inclusion of Transjordan in the Palestine Mandate, and recognised it as a separate entity under the rule of the Emir Abdulla. In their sphere the French began by separating Lebanon, and further weakened and impoverished Syria by creating an Alaouite State and a Druse State and enlarging Lebanon. The result is a "Republic of Lebanon" suffering from a surfeit of Sunni Moslems while the "Republic of Syria" perishes from dissection. This dismemberment ran counter to all principles of self-determination, as it did to geographical features.

Resentment against foreign domination, which is suspected of deliberately employing a policy of division for its own ends, has made itself felt throughout the mandatory areas. Rebellion broke out in Iraq in 1920; in Syria in 1920 and 1926; Palestine has been in revolt seven times since Great Britain accepted the Mandate; only Transjordan has been kept passive by strong government supported by local troops under British officers. The Iraqis were "appeased" by the promise of self-government by stages, culminating in their attainment of independence. The Druse-Syrian rebellion of 1926 was ruthlessly suppressed; but a general strike in 1936 convinced the French that the termination of their Mandates over Syria and Lebanon and their replacement by Treaties of Friendship on the Iraqi model would be the only way of satisfying Arab aspirations. To-day France hesitates to implement the Treaty with Syria, fearing German and Italian designs on that country, and her reluctance is condemned in violent terms by the Syrian Parliament. Another revolt is predicted. The French may have hoped to prevent it by exciting Arab fear of Turkish aggression, for they consented readily to the recent establishment of Turkish Home Rule in Antioch. This has been taken as a first step to its annexation by Turkey and a first instalment of the revival of the Ottoman Empire; but there is a feeling that Turkish rule may be preferable to French, and last week there was even a suggestion in Syrian Nationalist circles of calling in Turkey (formerly the hated oppressor) as mediator between Syria and France.

France and Great Britain have never attempted anything in the nature of a joint investigation of the problems of their wards; they have not correlated their policies. Indeed, there has been considerable rivalry and even suspicion, so that one French High Commissioner is reported to have considered British agents responsible for instigating the Druse insurrection of 1925, while the motives of another have been suspect in British circles. In view of declared German and Italian ambitions one may hope that such mutual distrust will soon become a memory of the past and that, instead of finding comic relief in each other's troubles, the allied Governments will take action to their mutual relief.

Unfortunately it appears that France does not recognise the need for joint action, for she forbade delegates from Syria or even an observer to attend the Conferences, a decision received with great disfavour in Damascus. Yet the reunion of Syria and the Lebanon with their southern neighbours, Palestine and Transjordan, might solve both the French and British dilemmas, and it would be well for the British Government to use their influence with France to secure her co-operation.

A federation of self-governing States, with Jewish and Maronite support, would be progressive and stable. There would be no need of large foreign armies, and the military and naval requirements of the two Western powers could be met by special clauses in treaties of friendship on the Egyptian model. The disappearance of foreign rule would remove the opportunity for propaganda from the totalitarian States, and the wireless overtures of Bari and Hamburg would fall on deaf ears.

Such a proposal would meet with an enthusiastic response from the Arabs in Palestine and Syria alike, and from all who favour Pan-Arabism. In return it would be not unreasonable to ask that provision should be made in this predominantly Arab and Moslem federation for a Jewish autonomous area, which would be territorially limited but would have control of immigration within its borders. The advocates of an "Arabistan" are prepared to embrace a self-governing Christian Phoenician member in the Lebanon and should adopt an equally liberal policy towards an autonomous Jewish community. The Arab in Palestine would no longer be isolated and would be freed from fear of political domination. The co-operation of Jewish capital and technical skill would be of the greatest value in Arab schemes for the development of the backward regions of Syria and Transjordan, while trade would increase and an outlet be provided for Jewish industry.

Between the Arabs informal conversations on federation have taken place at the Conferences. It has been suggested that Palestine should be connected with Iraq. But such a federation would be looser and less satisfactory than that proposed with Syria and Lebanon. This is partly for the geographical reason that there is a vast intervening stretch of desert, and partly because the Jews will be the only minority West of the desert, instead of being able to make common cause with the Maronites and others. Similar objections apply to an alternative suggestion that was informally put forward last week, that Palestine should be linked with Saudi Arabia. But both proposals, if not immediate practical politics, are interesting as showing the strength of Pan-Arab feeling. Arab opinion generally, however, is agreed that federation with Syria should be the first step to any wider Arab Confederation.

If His Majesty's Government were to declare their approval of the idea of a Northern Federal Arabistan to embrace the French and British Mandates and possibly Iraq, reunion could not be long delayed. The Palestinian Arabs, having the support of their Syrian neighbours and freed from fear of domination, could afford to agree to a bi-national State in Palestine. By their accepting the Jews as partners our duty to provide a "National Home" would be fulfilled, and a revival of Arab glories would be accelerated. In the mediaeval civilisation of the Near East Jews co-operated with Arabs to an unparalleled extent, and there is no reason why the two races should not work together again equally smoothly and advantageously.

Finally, it should be remembered that any plan which relegates the Jews to a permanent minority status in every part of Palestine would be a betrayal of our promises and our active support in the past of their settlement in Palestine. Within the boundaries of an autonomous area in an Arab federation they would be able to absorb immediately large numbers of refugees, and the "economic absorptive capacity" of that area would be the only restriction on immigration.

A LONDON DIARY

THE spring sun seemed the best cure for the after-effects of 'flu, and I stepped out into the village street, curious about the world and a bit wobbly in the legs like a new-born lamb. A glorious day indeed—and therefore an ideal day for the bombing planes. There they came, scores of new planes in mass formation, from the aerodrome nearby. I had just counted up to fifty when a milk-cart drew up. The milkman was an old acquaintance, never before known to say more than pass the time of day. He burst into unexpected speech. Wasn't it terrible to see all those things up in the sky there practising to kill people? Supposing each of those planes were carrying only four bombs apiece and dropped them on London. Where would the people go? What would happen to the kiddies even in a little place like this, where they had actually dug trenches in the gardens and got gas masks distributed last September? What was the use of it, anyhow? If we did win the war, what would be left and who would gain anything? These quarrels ought to be settled by arbitration . . . And much more, quite unanswerable truth, to the same effect. It is this revolt against war, among people who have never thought much about politics, that will end the next war; it was this common-sense refusal to kid yourself that any good could ever come out of another war that used to be the strength of the Labour Party in this country. How Labour is to recapture this sentiment I do not know.

* * *

Mr. Attlee was roused to proper indignation the other day in the House when Mr. Chamberlain calmly claimed that the League might be some good when "it has abandoned the idea that peace can be imposed by force." This in a speech defending the greatest expenditure on armaments ever known in history! This from the man who, above all others, has helped the Continent to drift so far into war that he has to try to "pluck the flower, safety," by the armaments which would never have been necessary if he and his colleagues had not sabotaged the Disarmament Conference. (No one was more directly responsible at Geneva than Sir John Simon and no one so influential in that disastrous Cabinet as Mr. Chamberlain.) Will Mr. Chamberlain persuade his City friends and Tory supporters that peace is not to be found by the threat of force when a highly armed Britain is confronted with a demand for British and French colonies? This remark reminds me of the Chicago policeman who explained to one of Al Capone's indignant victims that he was a pacifist who did not believe in the use of force. Nor does any sensible person—which is the reason why in domestic and international affairs alike people of understanding prevent weapons getting into the hands of gangsters and prefer to support a common law and a common authority to enforce it. The League was only a beginning, but it was something to build upon. Now that it is gone and we have established in Spain the new principle that no help should be given to a friendly Government which is attacked by a conspiracy of international Fascists, we are back at a state of anarchy in which might is the only right. Mr. Chamberlain and I and Hitler and the milkman are reduced to the ethical level of creatures in a jungle, alike intent only on survival, hunters if we are armed and hunted if we are not. Life is nasty, brutish and short. But I am sure that Mr. Chamberlain is quite sincere when he looks up into the sky, darkened with aeroplanes, and says that peace cannot be imposed by force. A Spanish woman who made a separate peace with Franco when she was machine-gunned on a Catalonian hill made the same remark as she died.

* * *

I cannot imagine any more idiotic tactics for supporters of Stafford Cripps than to shout down Herbert Morrison and other Labour leaders at a Spain rally. Last Sunday the National Council of Labour had staged a demonstration to condemn the Government's Spanish policy; the crowd was immense and the resolution as strong and uncompromising as words could make it. What, in heaven's name, when the Labour Party is presumably doing what its critics want it to do, is the sense of organising a demonstration to stop the speakers being heard? Morrison was persistently booed and made inaudible, while several of the other speakers were continually interrupted by rhythmic shouts of "We Want Cripps." No method is so little likely to help Sir Stafford. The onlooker might easily be misled into thinking that the Cripps' campaign is largely supported by irresponsible people. Nothing could play more directly into the hands of the opponents of the whole Popular Front policy. I do not know who, in fact, organised the shouting, and friends who were there tell me that, though it was deliberately led, it was spontaneously taken up by a large number of people who were certainly not organised. But I am informed that young men selling the *Tribune*, which is Sir Stafford's propaganda organ, were among those who climbed on to the plinth and conducted a Crippsian chorus in the crowd. I am sure that these tactics seem as deplorable to Sir Stafford as they do to me, and

I suggest that he would do well to dissociate himself from them in the most explicit terms. Cripps is out to revivify, not to destroy, the Labour Party, and when he speaks he is its best advocate and most persuasive missionary. He has made hundreds of converts to the Party in the last few weeks. This is his strongest card, and I sometimes wonder whether the virulence of the abuse which is heaped on his head by some of his recent colleagues may not be partly due to the jealousy of leaders who are less successful than he is in attracting crowds and making converts. The attacks on Cripps for being a rich man—he has been an extremely generous supporter of the Party—and the talk of Cripps as a "dictator" are really quite unworthy. I am not sure which is the sillier or more disastrous phenomenon—Morrison prevented from appealing for Spain by a howling gang of misguided Crippsites or an able man like Dalton, who should know better, speaking of Cripps "impersonating Hitler and Mussolini."

* * *

I had always imagined that A. P. Herbert's Matrimonial Causes Act had at length brought relief to the unfortunate whose wife or husband had been permanently inflicted with mental disease. I am now told that an extraordinary error of drafting has robbed some hundreds of the freedom to which they are surely entitled. It appears that sub-section A of clause 3 of the Act does not include the Scottish Lunacy Acts, so that if a certified patient is removed from a mental institution in England or Wales to another in Scotland, he or she will not be deemed to have been "under care and treatment for a period of at least five years immediately preceding the presentation of the petition of divorce," although the patient may have been insane for twenty years in an English institution. I am told that patients are in fact very often transferred to Scottish institutions where the treatment of mental disease is said to be the most advanced in the British Isles. This drafting mistake is all the more surprising in view of the fact that the corresponding Act in Scottish Law includes certification under English Acts as being "care and treatment." I hope the Government will introduce the necessary amendment of the 1937 Act without delay.

* * *

Among the many societies now engaged in relief work for various groups of refugees, none to-day seems to me more worth while than the P.E.N. club. Everyone knows it as the association of writers which entertains literary people of all countries as its guests, which has branches all over the world and which some years ago had a comic row with the Nazis who walked out when H. G. Wells (who was then its President) was supported by the Committee and the members in declaring that literature knew no frontiers, and racialism was the enemy of creative thought. The new President, Storm Jameson, is having a strenuous time organising a fund for refugee writers from Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Spain. The P.E.N. has been paying out about £40 a week since last October to writers. Only writers with a genuine reputation in their own countries are helped by the P.E.N., which must be almost unique among relief bodies in spending no money at all on organisation. All the work is done voluntarily. A great deal of help is given of a permanent creative kind—apart from actual gifts of money to keep these writers alive. Storm Jameson writes to me that the funds are getting very low at the moment and that "there is always before me the despair of these men and women if we have to tell them that we have no money left. We have just had an appeal from thirty-one Catalan writers, members of the Catalan P.E.N., who had stuck it in Barcelona until the very last minute, and then got out with nothing." Some of those who have been helping to send food to Catalonia may feel that this P.E.N. fund offers a definite and concrete way of continuing to help the same cause with the additional inducement that one may know exactly whom one is helping and that every penny goes in actual relief. Those who want to send money or make inquiries should write to the Secretary of the P.E.N., Albion House, 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

* * *

I hear splendid things of the performance of the Kurt Jooss Ballet recently at the Arts Theatre at Cambridge, where they gave the first performance of the important new production *Chronica.* There is a treat waiting for us in London when they open at the Old Vic in May with this and their other new production *Spring Tale.* When Jooss first left Germany and found a *pied à terre* at Dartington Hall, he seemed for a time to have lost himself. But now he has fulfilled more than all his promise. I am told by an expert whose judgment I trust that these two new ballets are amongst the most finished and complete works of art which have been given us since the war. My friend writes: "Both are full-length productions. *Chronica,* which plays for seventy-five minutes without a break, is a profound and expressive mime, yet extraordinarily rich in choreography and formal dancing, in a Renaissance setting, of the rise and fall of a Dictator. One would have thought it impossible with such a theme for art to transmute the political idea, but the sublimation is accomplished, and, as a work of the imagination, it is ten times better than their celebrated *Green Table.* It is a satisfactory thing that the only example we yet have where the emotion of an artist has successfully handled the contemporary scene with bitterness and political purpose washed away and beauty and dignity in their place, should be presented to us by a company of Germans. The style of this ballet provokes favourable comparison with the later work of Massine. Jooss, as an independent creator, may have had an important advantage over Massine in that he has chosen that the accompanying music should be of no importance. *Spring Tale,* by contrast a fairy tale of the lightest, most airy kind, is a perfect vehicle for the incomparable artistry of Hans Zullig, who here shows himself one of the finest dancers of the day. This ballet is successful in giving a contemporary touch and much originality of movement to a traditional theme. And it is no disadvantage to *Chronica* and *Spring Tale* that they are magnificently dressed by Madame Karinska. If there is such a thing as progress in art, this new phase of the Jooss Ballet is the biggest advance made since the death of Diaghileff."

* * *

The lights changed to red as I landed safely on the north side of Holborn. But the girl who was running towards me took no notice of buses and cars; she plunged into the traffic and was across by the Underground station before you had time to turn round and make sure just how pretty she really was. Something floated by me as she passed. She had dropped a gay silk scarf. Instinct bade me shout after her, run and catch her up. But she was already going down Kingsway at the double. What was I to do with the scarf? Leave it on the pavement to be trodden on? Put it in my pocket? The first would be foolish; the second dishonest. Nor was it worth giving it to a harassed policeman on traffic duty. Reluctantly, as one who misses an opportunity and commits an unavoidable stupidity, I placed it in a niche of the stonework of Barclay's Bank and pursued my lonely course up Southampton Row. CRITIC

CHINESE INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVES

FOR all we hear of it nowadays, the interior of China might be Tibet. The editorial gaze, the statesman's eagle view, have been held with the same unswerving fixity (though latterly, with something of a wild surmise as well) upon those fortresses of economic imperialism built up during the last century in a fringe of Treaty Ports. Beyond these, in the regions to which General Chiang Kai-shek has withdrawn with his armies and about which the editors are so little curious, stretches only a mysterious "Hinterland."

The word itself is eloquent. It is commonly reserved for

Dark Continents, and has popular associations with bullock-carts and missionaries. Yet this is China, China that lives and fights. And it should be obvious to a meaner intelligence than Sir John Simon's that what is happening *there*—not what is happening in Shanghai or Hankow—must decide the outcome of the Far Eastern war. That means, of course, the future of "British interests" in the narrower sense of the definition referred to above, and in addition such larger and more properly statesmanlike matters as the peace of the Pacific and the security of a large part of the British Commonwealth.

But there it is. One so rarely comes across a Far Eastern despatch with any other date-line than Tokio, Shanghai or Hong Kong, that most of us might be forgiven for not knowing what steps are being taken to mobilise the immense reserves of China, or even if there is any new stir of activity in the immense land-area still unconquered. To their credit, the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* have continued to publish occasional reports from correspondents who venture rather farther afield than the Shanghai Club; and from these the more discerning may have caught a glimpse of the "shape of things to come"—the pattern of a new, resurgent China. It remains a glimpse.

In plain fact, to travel through the Chinese provinces to-day is to see something infinitely more exciting than the grim monotony of battle-fronts. One is present at that rare moment in a nation's history when the two deep instincts of social progress and self-preservation happen to coincide. And the new movement is there all right, though like China herself it is vast, heroic and confused. The chief purpose of this article is to draw attention to one particular phase—the movement (less than a year old) for Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

It is well known abroad that Chinese industry, before the war, was quite artificially concentrated along the seaboard and within the Treaty Ports. In Greater Shanghai alone there were some 8,000 factories, employing over 600,000 workers. The first effects of Japanese invasion, directed against this vulnerable coastline, were fatal. All the machinery that had not been wrecked was taken over by the invaders, and what had been wrecked was shipped back to Japan as scrap to replenish the bomb supply. With the occupation of Hankow and Canton, the Japanese had virtually obliterated China's industrial bases and the first line of her economic defence. A major Japanese objective, of course, was the complete destruction of Chinese industry.

From some of these cities the Chinese Government was able to rescue a good deal of valuable machinery, and this was hastily shipped up the Yangtse, or transported inland to those western provinces where a new base for heavy industry was to be created. Here, with considerable assistance from the United States, something more than good will from France, and a tardy contribution—as yet, little more than a token—from Great Britain, China is struggling to remedy her greatest single handicap *vis-à-vis* Japan—the lack of a modern war industry. With rapidly improving communications, and further assistance from those Member States who, voting down any kind of economic sanctions, yet pledged themselves at Geneva to follow the humbler path of "individual assistance" to a victim of aggression, this task may be well within China's powers.

That is part of a long-term programme; a new heavy industry must take years to create, and already these western centres are within range of the Japanese bombers. Means will have to be found, with a strengthened air force and more adequate ground defence, to protect the new war industry. But the immediate economic problem facing China, as soon as the old industrial area was cut off, was a critical shortage of manufactured goods for the internal market. It was clear that unless something was done to revive production, the vacuum thus caused must in time be filled by the infiltration of cheap Japanese goods, and Japan might win an economic victory while military success still eluded her.

At the same time, hundreds of thousands of skilled Chinese workers who had fled inland from the coastal cities found themselves unemployed. The main ingredients of this situation—a wide public demand for certain commodities and an abundance of unemployed labour—are not unfamiliar in this country. Our Government, however, seems to be baffled by what Low calls the problem of getting a spade into the hands of an unemployed man. Fortunately for China, her Government has shown a little more initiative in the matter.

The idea of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives was born in Shanghai in the months that followed the first Japanese devastation. It was sponsored by a committee of Chinese and foreigners, headed by the well-known banker, Hsu Shing-loh.* A draft scheme was submitted to the Executive Yuan, under Dr. H. H. K'ung; the proposal met with the friendly interest and encouragement of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, who at this time was doing particularly valuable work in expediting the transfer of machinery by some grudging factory owners from Hankow to Chungking. The plan was approved by Dr. K'ung, and in August, 1938, "C.I.C." came into being as an official body under the Executive Yuan in Hankow.

One of the first appointments made was that of Mr. Rewi Alley (a New Zealander, then Factory Inspector for the Shanghai Municipal Council) as Chief Technical Director. An excellent staff-nucleus of engineers and co-operative organisers was rapidly assembled, and actual field-work began without delay.

By December, 1938, four main headquarters had already been established in strategic zones—North-West, West, South-West and South-East—along a vast crescent covering some 2,000 miles across ten provinces of China. Into this area, it is estimated, something like fifty million refugees have moved since the war began; the organisation of co-operatives came as a very welcome practical contribution to the giant problem of relief. From the four District Headquarters the work of organisation has since been carried on without a break.

The procedure is simple. Members of the C.I.C. staff go out into their respective districts to enlist local officials, survey needs and resources, and invite the co-operation of needy workers. Large posters are displayed in towns and villages offering work to the destitute, who are asked to report at the local office and state their experience and requirements. When a group of workers make application, the C.I.C. investigates the local situation, and lends money (on a 6–8 per cent. per annum rate) for the necessary tools, machines, raw materials and capital required to start immediate production. The minimum number for a group is 7; the average, it has been found, is usually about 30–40. A committee and chairman are elected by the workers themselves; no one member is allowed to buy more than 20 per cent. of the total sum invested. Wages are fixed by the committee, and a limited dividend (after reserve and extension funds are met) is payable on a basis of total contributions of members of the co-operative.

It is impossible here to give more than the barest outline of a movement which has met with an instantaneous response from the Chinese workers, and promises to many thousands of them not merely a living, but a new purpose and direction in life. The demand for goods is such that many of the new co-operatives are already paying their way. Problems of marketing have been met as they have arisen; in the North-West District, where the movement has made the most spectacular progress, and where it has the assistance of another well-known foreign expert, Professor J. V. Tayler (lately of Tsinghua University in Peiping), a Federation of Co-operative Societies has already been established for convenience in marketing goods.

The list of operations covered by the Industrial Co-operatives lengthens every day; the most important activities so far are spinning, weaving, knitting, printing, tanning; match, candle and soap manufacture; coal and iron mining; boat-building; metal-working and extraction of metals, preparations of acids, fuel from vegetable oils, etc. In many cases, where machinery is lacking old village industries have been revived; and often a local survey has disclosed neglected raw materials which can be immediately utilised by the co-operatives. There can be no question of the success of the movement; agricultural co-operatives, where they have been tried, have always flourished in China, and now C.I.C. reports show that the demand for industrial organisation far exceeds the resources of the staff, and the means at its disposal.

---

* Mr. Hsu was killed towards the end of the year, when the air-liner *Kweilin* was shot down by the Japanese near Canton.

Mr. Alley and his associates lead an adventurous life, salvaging machinery from under the guns of the advancing Japanese, improvising transport, and coping magnificently with the thousand and one difficulties that confront them. But the full backing of the Chinese Government has been forthcoming for what has proved an invaluable auxiliary line of economic defence, and far and away the best form of constructive relief for China's army of unemployed. The chief limitations of the movement are finance and transport; hitherto C.I.C. has been financed mainly from a Capital Fund advanced by the Executive Yuan, but it has a Special Fund for promotion of non-interest-bearing loans, and very useful grants have been made to this from oversea, including a grant of 10,000 dollars from the International Alliance of Trade Unions in Paris. It is hoped that other organisations abroad, particularly Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies, may take a direct interest in a movement of this nature, which means so much for the welfare and education of the Chinese workers, and for the whole future of Chinese production.

The immediate objective of Dr. K'ung's plan, which it is hoped to achieve by the end of 1939, is 30,000 industrial co-operatives in China, forming a chain of light industry "from Inner Mongolia to the Eastern Sea." The effect this auxiliary, mobile industry might have on the strength of Chinese resistance is not difficult to estimate. And of all the forms of war-time organisation that have arisen in China during these critical months, co-operation, and the new democratic forms of government emerging in the partisan areas behind the Japanese lines, are perhaps those with the best chance of survival, and those that friends of China would most wish to see survive.

JAMES BERTRAM

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Nella Bowen.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

When Rudyard Kipling wrote his famous *Barrack-Room Ballads* he put the whole philosophy of British rule in India into a single line of verse, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."—Mr. Sydney Carroll in *Sunday Times*.

Mr. Hamilton Harris, the well-known singer, expressed the view that tenors were losing their "namby-pamby" style. "I really believe that at last tenors are beginning to sing like men," he said. "It is a sign of the times, for we want all the men we can get for National Service. But I suppose it will be like the last war—the basses and baritones will have to go."—*Manchester Guardian*.

[Recognition of Franco.] It may be hoped, at all events, that the annoyance of the Opposition, which springs of course from the bitter disappointment of seeing the side they favoured beaten, will not be allowed to obscure from the world the remarkable clearness and continuity of British policy in Spain from the earliest days of the civil war until its closing moments.—Leading article in the *Times*.

At a glance the Gala Night at the Opera House, Covent Garden, in honour of the French President does not appear to err on the side of prodigal entertainment and scenic splendour. A ballet to the music of Tchaikowsky! Are we so destitute of native works, of native artists, that we have nothing to put forward of indigenous worth? It is a sorry spectacle when a great Empire, to entertain a foreign dignitary, cannot provide the material out of its own resources. An Act of Edward German's *Merrie England* or Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, or both, would have fitted the occasion and gratified the aesthetic sensibilities of President and Mme. Lebrun.—*The Leader*.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

IT is to be hoped that the newspaper obituaries of Frederick Parker will not lead to an increase of betting in England. It must be difficult, however, for young and innocent people not to feel optimistic about their chances of making a fortune on the turf when they read of Parker's having won £500,000 by betting in twenty years. To the young and innocent the successful betting man's gains seem money for nothing. To them he is one of the world's idlers who has most enviably evaded Adam's curse and has yet piled up a banking account that the majority of the world's workers would envy. They should be told that this is a misleading view of the betting man's character and career. Far from being a drone and a parasite on the community, he is a model of industry and self-help who, had he lived a little earlier, might well have had Samuel Smiles for his biographer.

There is a Smilesian touch in the account of how Parker learned to bet. A publican's son, he was left an orphan at an early age, and, though there was enough money to put him through school, his mother felt the desire to give the boy as good a start in life as possible and turned to betting as a means of increasing the family fortune. She betted "carefully," we are told, as good mothers should, and was rewarded. As the boy grew older, she decided to teach him also how to bet, seeing in this a surer way of rising in the world than the study of the dead languages. "At seventeen," we read, "he had learned her methods. Soon he was teaching her." It is often said that genius is inherited through the female side of the family, and here is evidence in support of the theory. One can imagine the mother's joy as she observed her son—who had learned betting, so to speak, at her knee—making such triumphant use of the talent she had handed down to him. Not every son remembers the lessons his mother taught him as dutifully as Fred Parker did.

Do not imagine, however, that in teaching him to bet, Mrs. Parker was bringing up her son to a life of ease. On the contrary, she was dooming him to an existence of drudgery at the prospect of which a City magnate would quail. Fred did not bet for fun. He knew nothing of the lofty rapture of backing a thirty-three-to-one winner merely because of its name or because it was number 13 on the race-card. "He was no gambler," his ex-secretary declares. "His money went on as near a cert as a horse can be. . . . He always betted on the finest information. He used his head, kept cool, and never blinked when he lost. He made betting a business." There could scarcely be a more disillusioning account of a betting man's life. Here is no gaiety such as we ordinary people associate with Ascot and Derby Day. Life for the betting man is a solemn business, and every penny won by him is earned in the sweat of his brow. "Betting," said the ex-secretary to a *Daily Express* reporter, "kept us busy fourteen hours a day sometimes. He'd have only four hours in bed, and spend the other six in festivity and good fellowship." After fourteen hours' work and only four hours' sleep, few of us would have much energy left for festivity and good fellowship.

It is obvious that Mr. Parker's career must be looked on, not as that of a frivolous pleasure-lover, but as that of an exceptionally hard-working financier. I am convinced, indeed, that most City men with incomes of about £15,000 a year do far less work for their money than did Mr. Parker. So hard is the life of the betting-man, it seems to me, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should recognise him as a financier and tax his income as he would that of any other man engaged in business. It may be replied that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would suffer by this, since nearly all betting men lose in the course of the year, and that, if betting gains were recognised as part of a man's income, betting losses would have to be deducted from the income liable to taxation. Even so, I think it would be more honest of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to admit that the betting-man is a genuine worker and, if betting losses were allowed for in income tax assessments, this would also afford relief to a large and deserving section of the community. As the law now stands, the wives and children of betting-men are often badly off as a result of the business done with bookmakers by the head of the house. Give income-tax relief for betting losses, and you will do a kindness to the women and children of England.

In pointing out that the betting-man is a serious worker—as ardent in the study of form as Mr. Herbert Fisher is in the study of history—I do not hold him up as an example to be followed. My purpose is rather to use him as a warning to all those with a desire for a lazy life who believe that money made by betting is easily earned. If you want an easy life, I would say to the young, either do not bet at all or bet only for fun. To-day the majority of the men and women of England seem to have taken to betting on the football pools, and many of them seem to find it very hard work indeed. There is no Englishman who does not hate filling up an income-tax form, yet every week Englishmen, their wives, their sons and their daughters, are filling up football forms that involve twenty times as much concentrated labour as any income-tax form that was ever devised. Many of them, knowing nothing about football, will sweat over the prospects of Everton and Sunderland, desperate in their assiduity as schoolboys preparing for an examination. The future is as obscure to them as a corrupt passage in Aeschylus, but they grapple with its difficulties, counting no labour great in the effort to win a prize. I can assure them from experience that there is no harder work than foretelling the future. It is easier, I am convinced, to write a novel than to give a correct forecast of the first three horses in the Grand National. At least, more people seem to write novels than to be able to name the first three horses in the Grand National before the race. Turn where you will in the world of betting and gambling, and you will find that it is a laborious life.

From a moral point of view there may be something to be said for this. There is an old proverb that says: " No gains without pains "; and the human race owes most of its moral and intellectual progress to its readiness to submit to a life of struggle. If men resorted to betting and gambling for moral reasons, indeed, I should be among the first to applaud them; but I have never heard of a man going to Monte Carlo for moral reasons. My objection to betting and gambling, when they are taken to seriously, is that they are taken to under a misapprehension. The initiate gambler imagines that he has discovered an easy way of living, whereas all the time he has chosen a laborious existence that even a worker in a speeded-up factory would not envy. Visitors have often written of the gloom of the faces round the tables at Monte Carlo, and it is no wonder the faces look gloomy. If you or I were working one-tenth as hard as those unfortunate people, working out systems and making a pencilled note of every number that turns up, we, too, should look pretty gloomy. I myself happen to enjoy roulette and even the despised boule, but this is only because I have never gone into a casino with the expectation of getting large sums of money for nothing. I have had dreams, like other people, but I have never had a system. I realised early that a system means work, and that, if I wished for an easy life, I could make a living more easily in other ways.

It seems to me that the anti-gambling enthusiasts should approach the subject of betting and gambling from this point of view and terrify the young by depicting the deadly ant-like slavery of the betting-man and gambler's life. They call betting a sin, which it surely is not. The way to scare the young is to call it hard labour. If I were writing a tract against betting, I should begin: " Do you want to work fourteen hours a day? Then become a betting-man like Mr. Fred Parker. Do you want a comparatively easy life with only eight hours' work or so in the day, and a prospect of even less than that? Then take a job in a shop or office or factory." I should point out, indeed, that work in an office is a form of leisure in comparison with the grinding life of the betting-man, and ask them how they would like to have to leave their beds after four hours' sleep, like Mr. Parker. The effect, I believe, would be tremendous. Every aspirant after a lazy life—and most betting-men begin with aspirations after a lazy life—would shrink with terror from what he had been told before was only a sin. No one thereafter would dare to go in for betting except as an amusement. Taken seriously, everybody would see, it is far too like honest work, and honest work at its worst.

Y. Y.

OUR DIMINISHING FERTILITY

In 1801 the population of England and Wales was between eight and nine million. The number doubled in the next fifty years. In 1911 it was over thirty-six million. Since then the total has increased at a steadily lessening rate, being, in 1937, just over forty-one million. Our birth-rate still keeps ahead of our death-rate, but in diminishing ratio. Let us look into the figures a little more critically.

In 1925 the population of England and Wales was 38,890,000. In 1937 it was over 41,000,000. But, whereas in 1925 the total included over three-and-a-half million children under five years old, the larger total of 1937 included only 2,792,400 children under five. It is not until we come to the twenty-five-year-olds that the 1937 figures exceed those of twelve years earlier—that is to say, until we come to that section of the population born at least twenty-five years ago. Why this is so is readily seen when we look at the birth-rates for 1920, 1925, 1932 and 1937. In 1920 the birth-rate per 1,000 living was 25.5; in 1925 it was 18.3; in 1932 it was 15.3, and in 1937 it was 14.9. The actual number of births in 1920 was 957,782; in 1937 it was 610,557. During this period, the death-rate remained almost stationary, being 12.4 in 1920, and 12.4 in 1937; the death-rate per 1,000 births, among infants under one year of age, fell, however, from eighty to fifty-eight. The failure of the general death-rate to fall is due to the enormously greater proportion of the population over fifty years old. In a Government circular to local authorities, issued in 1933, it was stated that in the next fifteen years the total number of children aged five and over in public elementary schools is likely to fall by a million.

Still, our population is increasing year by year, and will continue to do so as long as the number of births exceeds the number of deaths. But will the number of births continue to exceed the number of deaths? Have we any reason to suppose that the birth-rate per 1,000 living will maintain its present figure, which is only one-half of that which obtained at the beginning of the present century? Before we can express any opinion on this, we need to consider what is called the " net reproduction rate." We shall see that, even assuming that women of child-bearing age on an average have as many children as they do at present, the birth-rate is bound to fall progressively.

The net reproduction rate expresses the number of women of reproductive age by whom the average woman of reproductive age in a community will be replaced a generation hence; assuming that the fertility rate and the mortality rate between birth and the age of fifty which prevail for the year in question are continued into the future. A net reproduction rate which indicates that the community is exactly reproducing itself is expressed by unity. If the net reproduction rate is above unity, women are more than replacing themselves.

An important little book, *Population and Fertility*,* has just been issued by the Population Investigation Committee. In this booklet are analysed the birth rates, death rates and population trends in England, Canada, Australia, Germany, Italy, France and other countries. The authors give the net reproduction rate for England and Wales in the year 1935 as 0.764, which means that 1,000 women of child-bearing age (15 to 50) living in that year would be replaced, a generation hence, by only 764 women within similar age limits. The rate for France in that year was 0.866, and for Germany 0.91—the German rate having risen from 0.68 in 1933. In 1931, the rate for Canada was 1.319; in Australia in 1933 it was 0.955, and in New Zealand 0.978. The 1933 figure for the United States was 0.94.

---

* *Population and Fertility*. By D. V. GLASS and C. P. BLACKER. Population Investigation Committee, 69 Eccleston Square, London. 3s.

Assuming our present mortality-rate to persist, the authors calculate that if we are to maintain a stationary population of forty million some 660,000 live births per annum are necessary. This means that the average woman must bear 2.4 children during her lifetime. Dr. Enid Charles, writing in 1933, estimated that if no further change in fertility and mortality rates took place, a stable age composition would soon be reached. "When this point has been reached the population would be reduced in the proportion of three-quarters in each succeeding generation." That is to say, it would be reduced to one-seventh of its present size in seven generations—namely, in about two hundred years.

In *Population and Fertility*, Mr. Glass and Dr. Blacker also point out that, if the present reproduction rate of 0.76 is maintained, there will be an eventual decline in the population of twenty-four per cent. per generation; but, they add, "it would take quite a long time before the population began to fall at this rate. . . . We still have a large number of people in the prime of life who will not die for some years. . . . The population would not begin to fall at the regular rate of twenty-four per cent. per generation until the effects of high fertility in the past had been completely eliminated—that is, until those living to-day, but born when fertility was higher than now, had died."

In connection with our falling birth-rate, two questions present themselves. To what is the fall due; and is it to be regretted? There can be but little doubt that the principal factor in bringing about the reduction is the general knowledge and widespread adoption of deliberate contraceptive practices. Most of the large families of our ancestors were due, not to an excess of parental instinct and parental love, but to ignorance of the means of preventing them. There is no reason for regarding the lessened birth-rate as a sign of racial decadence, or of a weakening of the sex instinct, or of the maternal instinct, or of a sense of parental responsibility. The infant death-rate is a better measure than is the birth-rate of the sense of parental responsibility; and that death-rate, as we know, is less than a half of what it was but a very few decades ago. It is true that our modern mothers devote less time than did their mothers and grandmothers to those mechanical mendings, scrubbings and cleanings, the endlessness of which was perhaps the chief characteristic of the home life of those days. Women to-day are more alive, more intelligent, altogether healthier, and more anxious to do their best—and to find out what is the best—to give their children a fair start in life, than were their grandmothers, preoccupied with narrow domesticity. Can anyone whose memory goes back thirty or forty years honestly say that the children of to-day are not on the average better cared for and healthier all round, than were the children of their own period?

Contraceptive possibilities and an increased sense of responsibility have been backed by the general demand for a higher standard of life, and by the increasing social and economic instability that seems inevitably associated with a *laisser-faire* society industrially dependent on the motive of personal profit. Then, again, the changes that have taken place in those one-time basic structures—the home and the family—have contributed not a little to reluctance to undertake the functions of parenthood. Whatever may be the family's formal and legal status, it has, in reality and in everyday practice, changed very much even in the last couple of generations. The ties of blood relationship are very much looser than they were; and more and more noticeably the rights and liberties of individuals outweigh, in impulsive force, the claims of family loyalty and family pride. The great increase in the cost of education is undoubtedly a factor that leads many middle-class people to avoid parenthood or severely to limit it; and, as has been said, the much more expensive standard of comfort and luxury demanded or desired by all classes is a powerful preventive force. To quote from an earlier pamphlet of the Population Investigation Committee, "On a medium-sized income, a large family is incompatible with minor luxuries and amenities such as a motor, domestic help, travel, amusements and the entertainment of friends. And with a small income—that is with the incomes which 75 per cent. of the community receive—the raising of even one or two children brings down the family to a mere subsistence level."

If we want to raise the birth-rate there are several things to be done, the most important being a replacement of our present industrial system by a planned economy, affording material security to all. Then, again, we must treat motherhood as honourable—not only within, but equally without, marriage. Neither economically nor socially should a girl or woman be punished for bearing a child. It ought to be just as safe and just as easy for a healthy working girl, married or unmarried, to have a baby, as for a rich man's wife. Incidentally, the earlier, after eighteen or twenty, a young woman becomes a mother, the better for her health and the better for her child, and subsequent children. But, in the absence of a fundamental change in our socio-economic system, it is difficult to understand what national benefit can be brought about by still further adding to a population of which something like two million adults are continuously unable to find employment; and for many millions of which decent habitations are unavailable. If we really need more inhabitants, why are we so reluctant to admit to our citizenship the tens of thousands of capable and industrious refugees with whom Europe is cluttered up? If our population fell to the level at which it stood in my youth (less than three-quarters of its present height), and if we raised or lowered our several standards of living fairly and sensibly, we could be really independent and stand on our own legs. We should not have to be constantly preparing for wars with other nations in order to preserve our exploiting rights over the millions of white or brown or black primary producers, natives of territories which we "possess." In the course of his Heath Clark lectures on the Natural History of Population, Professor Raymond Pearl, commenting on the artificial geographical disposition of the world's population and the artificial distribution of the world's ownership, told us that, before the world war, Italy had planted only eight thousand people in her African colonies, and Germany twenty-four thousand in all her overseas possessions. At the present time, nine nations, having 25 per cent. of the world's population, and occupying 14 per cent. of its area, control 66 per cent. of all the land in the world; and, only the other day, Sir Leonard Hill told us that in the next ten years Japan is likely to add to her inhabitants the equivalent of the present population of Australia and New Zealand combined. Can we wonder at the world's unrest?

HARRY ROBERTS

SHAKESPEAREAN MISCELLANY

["Mr. Chamberlain always travels with a pocket Shakespeare."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 23rd.]

ONCE more unto the peace, dear friends, once more,
And wean aggressors with our English gold!
Costly our armament as purse can buy,
For, while we are in silken dalliance led,
Come the Dictators of the world in arms,
And they will shock us; they will shock this England,
This precious stone set in a sea of troubles.
Let me with cyphers for this great accompt
On your imaginary terrors work,
While armourers are closing the gaps up
With note of aimless preparation.
You all know this umbrella: I remember
When first I flew with it to Berchtesgaden,

The day I overthrew democracy,
For thine especial safety. Follow it!
It beckons you, a most miraculous organ,
And none so Left but does it reverence.
See these few precepts we in memory keep.
Give every man our voice but few our aid:
Be ever strong upon the stronger side:
This above all—to our own class be true;
And it must follow, as the boom the slump,
We cannot then astonish any man.
Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired!
Friends, Britons, countrymen, lend me your cash;
Cry " Jitterbug ! " and pay the price of peace
To profiteers, gaping for increment.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

The Knitter

I HAVE a friend who knits. She sits on the floor, the firelight glancing on her hair, her tartan scarf thrown over her shoulders. She and the wide brick fireplace and the clicking needles and the balls of wool heaped on the floor beside her, would compose a complete Dutch-school picture, were it not for the tartan scarf which suggests a crofter's cottage. She, oblivious of such objective considerations, continues to knit. She does not care whether she looks Dutch or Scottish; whether she fits into the tiled interior rosy as a pippin, or into the shieling. Nor do I care either. All that I know is that whenever she condescends to visit me, she, with her scarf and her wools, adds colour to the warm evening hour, when it has grown too dark to go out and one sits over the fire and talks.

Talks. . . . There is the snag. One cannot, I find, talk to a knitter. Conversation may seem to be going in that greased, easy way essential to all good conversation; starting hares too lavishly to follow them up; allowing pauses for rumination; bursts for sudden eagerness; digressions, returns, new departures, discoveries of rooted creeds or new ideas—sooner or later the challenge is bound to come: " Don't you agree ? " or " What do you think? " " Yes ? " says the knitter, startled but polite, " seventy-five, seventy-six—just a moment till I get to the end of my row—seventy-seven, seventy-eight—yes," she says, looking up brightly, " it's all right now. What were you saying ? " But of course one has forgotten or no longer cares.

All the same, everyone who wants to add a coloured domestic touch to that pleasant idle hour which comes between tea and dinner should engage a permanent knitter, dumb if necessary but ornamental. There is something soothing to the nerves about the monotony of the long needles travelling up and down the line; something satisfying to the eye about this primitive craft so closely allied to netting and weaving. A lace-maker rattling the bobbins on her pillow would make too much noise, and the whiteness of her work would jar too crudely on the hush and dimness of the room. The knitter with her wools, curled up beside the fire, is precisely what is needed. So long as you do not expect her to talk.

Jacob's Sheep

My occasional annoyance with this particular knitter is tempered by the fact that she uses the wool spun from the fleeces of my own sheep. This gives me a self-supporting feeling, especially as I live in the district which was once the centre of the cloth industry in England. Moreover, my sheep are peculiar sheep; splotched and horned, people usually take them for goats at first sight. They have a most romantic ancestry, for not only are they supposed to be descended from those flocks—ringstraked, speckled and spotted—which Jacob increased by such remarkable pre-natal methods in the land of Laban, but other picturesque legends enter also into their history. It is said alternatively that the Crusaders brought them from the Holy Land; and that they arrived in England via Spain, either wrecked on the coast of Ireland with a ship of the Armada, or were, less dramatically, presented to George III by a lady named the Marquesa del Campo di Alange. This version, however, undoubtedly refers to the breed of Spanish merinos and not to Jacob's sheep at all. Merinos do not thrive in our climate, even under royal patronage; Edward IV, who imported three thousand from Spain, had already failed to make a success of them. Jacob's sheep, on the other hand, thrive and multiply; the ewes habitually give birth to twins and even triplets; their enormous fleeces safeguard them from cold and damp; they are said to be hardier than our native breeds. The old gentleman who has charge of my small flock has a pleasing theory about them: he is persuaded that they come from a mountainous country and that they stand for preference on the emmet-heaps as the nearest thing they can find to a mountain in Kent. As he is old enough to remember ploughing the fields here with a yoke of oxen, he ought to know.

In May or June, after shearing, we send the sacks of wool to the Highlands to be cleaned and spun. A bundle of sample colours comes back, which I have learned to call a swatch. Skeins (which I have learned to call cuts) are the next thing to arrive, dyed to our requirements. Wound into balls, they are heaped into great baskets till the knitter wants them, a warm harvest of gaudy fruits. Since our correspondents in the North treat their affairs in a leisurely way which suggests that the spirit of hustle has not yet infected Inverness, the autumn is usually well advanced before this luxuriance can be piled in a corner of the room. The orange balls on the floor echo the Jaffa oranges on the table; the green ones repeat the bowl of gourds; the purple the last belated figs; the red the first apples. Since Jacob's sheep in Jacob's day were so suggestible as to produce skewbald lambs after Jacob had shown them his peeled poplar wands, what would be the effect, I wonder, if I were to show my ewes this basket of their own wool, on the lambs which I shall expect next March?

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A GREAT PLAY

M. FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, an author still little known to the English reader, is in my opinion the best novelist now writing. There are writers who carry more sail, whose attitude is more interesting, or whose style more delightful, but none, I think, who has the specific gifts of the novelist so richly developed—the gifts of creating character, inventing situation, conducting narrative, imposing atmosphere, and revealing the recesses of the human heart. Mauriac looks at the rich *haute bourgeoisie* of Bordeaux, the claret country and the Landes, among which he was brought up; and in the disquieting world of his imagination these conventional and conservative Catholics develop into monsters of avarice, saintliness or lust. There is something Jansenistic in Mauriac's passionate, uncompromising Catholicism—nothing here of the *chemin de velours*—and at the same time he has an unsurpassed gift for conveying the fearful potency and fascination of the flesh. His faith helps to give him the power, which has become so rare, of investing life with tragic importance: every individual for him has the dignity of being a battlefield between the hosts of heaven and hell.

Asmodée is Mauriac's first play. When I saw it in Paris, I was prodigiously impressed; and now that I have seen it in translation at the Gate Theatre, I am more than ever convinced that it is one of the four or five best plays written since the war. In the narrow room of five acts he has compressed, with remarkable skill in a medium new to him, what might have been one of his richest novels. The action takes place in the usual Mauriac setting, a country house near Bordeaux. An English undergraduate arrives, nominally to perfect his

French, chiefly to gratify an old curiosity about the shut, secret life of the French provinces. He discovers an apparently well regulated home, a youngish widow, her children, their tutor and their governess. The situation that now develops sounds banal: the governess loves the tutor, the tutor loves the widow, the widow falls in love with the Englishman, and the Englishman with her seventeen-year-old daughter. But how various are the loves, how riveting the characters! The central figure is the tutor, Le Bel, a prey to his lust for domination, exercising an uncanny power of reading the heart and achieving his ends, suffering tortures from his obscure origin and semi-menial position, loving his employer with a jealous desire not so much physical as totally possessive. Once a candidate for the priesthood, but rejected from the seminary for his faculties of disturbance, he remains what the Irish call "a spoiled priest," and one suspects that it may have been a horror of causing scandal rather than any artistic necessity that prevented the author making him a priest in fact. Opposed to this almost satanic, though god-fearing, figure is the girl Emmé, entire in innocence and goodness. I do not know a more electrifying scene than that in which Le Bel insinuates to her that the boy she loves is desired by her mother, or a more moving one than that in which the mother, confronted with the girl's anguish at this discovery, sees in her no longer a rival but the child of her womb to whose happiness she will inevitably sacrifice her own.

When one compares the resources of the *Comédie Française* with those of the Gate Theatre, and considers the difficulty of translating so eminently French a play to an English audience, one must warmly applaud Mr. Norman Marshall's achievement in this production. Sir Basil Bartlett's version is admirably fluent and speakable: he evidently found it necessary to prune the language of many of its flowers, English audiences being less patient than French of eloquence. In this production the atmosphere has become brisker and more prosaic: we no longer smell the pine-trees, or feel the August heat soaking through the shutters and exasperating human desires—the air is less laden with unspoken but uncontrollable thoughts. Where the production conspicuously fails is in the conception of Le Bel, and for this, I imagine, one must blame the producer rather than the actor. In Paris the tutor had all the movements, all the inflections, of a priest, the guarded voice, the almost ostentatious self-effacement, and this made enormously more dramatic the occasions when the man broke through this disciplined decorum. To an English audience it must be difficult to present such a bearing—the unction of our clerics is different and merely comic—but the attempt has to be made. Mr. Wyndham Goldie is a skilful actor, if sometimes rather monotonous in voice and gesture. He makes the tutor a transparent bad hat, whose presence in so conventional a household would be inadmissible: he is too handsome, too worldly-looking, altogether too rakish, not to say *Yellow Book*, where he requires to seem a being, something less and more than a man, who can inspire passion only in spite of his physique. The French actor made the part so tremendous that it put the play slightly out of balance. The audience gasped as he brought his power to bear on the other characters—his scene with the girl was an appalling contest between sin and innocence, his scene with the English boy an act of spiritual rape. At the Gate the centre of interest shifts, owing to the excellence of their acting, to the young lovers. Mr. Peter Coke gives the undergraduate irresistible charm and evident goodness—the part could not be better played. Miss Joyce Redman has the formidable task of suggesting absolute purity and simplicity of heart, and this she achieves quite beautifully. Miss Mary Hinton as the mother begins rather poorly, but her performance steadily improves, and becomes remarkable in her big scenes. The governess is played by Miss Veronica Turleigh with great intelligence and feeling—her only mistake is to be too beautiful. (I fancy that, like the tutor, she possesses desire without desirability, a favourite subject of this author's.) In his one scene Mr. J. Leslie Frith makes a convincing *curé*, and Clive Baxter as a charming little boy has none of the usual child actor's faults.

Apart from an excellent notice in the *Times*, the critics seem to have neglected this extraordinary play—there was not even a mention of it in the chief Sunday papers. Yet I believe that the performance could be as electrifying here as it was in Paris if the right actor could be found for one of the most rewarding parts ever written. I wish Mr. Gielgud could be induced to have a shot at it; or Mr. Charles Laughton, if he could be tempted back to the stage, might find here an incomparable opportunity. Meanwhile, I recommend everyone who can to see the Gate production: the imaginative truth of this play, and the intensity of feeling it presents are unsurpassed in the contemporary theatre. RAYMOND MORTIMER

DAVOS-PARSENN

1939

To look down, at an acute angle, through the window of the last carriage, and glimpse, speared on the end of the long steel cable, the roofs of the Dorf, is to grow giddy. The funicular stops. Sardine-packed, the two dozen sway; ski-boots trample ski-boots, elbows gouge eyes—a general groan. "That's where poor Huntley was killed—look, the avalanche is still there. They bombed it last night but didn't move it." A big Colonial in hooded wind-cheater to girl next him, "didn't murder you, did it?" She, in mustard scarf, magenta coat, blue cap, smiles, "still here." A greying woman queries, "is Dorftäler closed?" and a guide replies "yes." Halfway now. The doors open and with a mad scramble all pour out, into the next waiting train. When repacked, all discuss what they shall do first. "There'll be a wind on top," says one, looking out on the snow, that seems fluffed lightly, like knitted rabbit's-wool. The summit steams, eddies of wind carry up the smoke-seeming drifts. From the carriage rises the litany, "I'm doing Plan der Gorz, won't you do Maïerhof with us? "Not old Küblis again—you did it twice yesterday." "Strela for me." "Two half-standards and lunch on top." "Serneus direct," "Wolfgang," "Klosters," "Laret," "Foederis." At the top, scuffling and stamping, these put on skis, those climb to the men's tee.

On my second journey up I leant against skis studded with names and dates, "Norway, 1916, Moskaŭ, 1917, Moskaŭ, 1918, Moskaŭ, 1919, Wengen, 1920." I asked their owner, small, fattish, hair hand-laid over bald patches, "Do tell me where you skied near Moscow? Or was it mountain-girt till Lenin levelled all?" "I was thirteen," he said, "we could not get out of Russia, because of the Revolution. So we school boys went about 60 versts from Moscow to Wlacherskaya Platform, on the Saviolowsk line, to a hilly country near the village of Mookhanky. There was a steep wood, with deep snow. My telemark, which everyone thinks I learnt in Norway—I owe to that slope. And further on, at Striokowo, there was a gorge, often icy, and there we could practise the Christiania. We made friends with one Schebeloff—peace be with him, he is surely liquidated now, and stayed on his estate."

"How glad I am you told me," I said. "I have English friends in Russia who constantly complain there is snow everywhere, and not a slope to ski."

"Tell them, when you see them," he answered—"do not write it—that in Schebeloff's garden before we fled, we buried a milk churn under a—what do you call it—acacia? tree, with forty thousand gold roubles inside."

"Thank you, I will," I said.

The snow was like toffee—gummy and soft, and so slow I missed my train at Kublis by five minutes. A tall boy, fair, snub-nosed, very Aryan, was also cursing his lost tea. "No train for an hour and a half—come and drink rum and Horlicks with me," I said. "Gladly, will I do so." Over our drinks, "you play chess?" I asked. They brought a board. After a game he sighed, "I go back to-morrow—leide."

"Where ?" "To Stuttgart." "Why 'leide' ?" "Here is holiday. There work. And here is butter—lots of it—at home I get one quarter of a pound on Wednesdays—if I am lucky and have time to queue. Here is fruit in the shops. I have seen no oranges in the shops since I remember—only in hotels one sees them."

"You remember the time—before ?" I asked. "Not well, I am nineteen. Now I must go into the army. I get one week's holiday a year with pay."

"Have you been in England ?"

"No. We cannot go there." We may only go to Switzerland and Italy. We have no money agreement with any other nation. I am allowed fifty Swiss shillings a week here —my hotel and travelling is paid for in Germany—but fifty shillings a week in Davos !"

"What do you do at home ?"

"I'm a clerk in a tricot fabrik——." We discussed newspapers—in Stuttgart never the *Telegraph*—sometimes the *Times.* Of French papers, only *Le Matin.* "Wireless" ? "The short-wave sets are so dear people like us cannot buy them—on the cheap radios you can only get German stations."

"Theatres ?"

"No—in Stuttgart we do not go to the theatre."

I grew embarrassed, pity thickening my tongue.

"When will you go abroad again ?"

"I do not know. I had to ask in September to have my permit to go for a week now in February—four months !" The train came, we climbed in. Friends were in the carriage. We gossiped. The German did not speak again. He got out at Klosters. "A good journey," I said. He smiled.

We danced. The pianist was awful—the bar dreary.

"How different St. Anton was—were you ever there ?"

The girl, "yes—last year—and you ?"

"Yes, last year. Is poor Herr Schneider still in prison ?"

"No—they say a great English lady got him out—he's in Canada now."

"Where are you from ?"

"Barcelona," she said. "I left a month ago."

"But you look so well."

"Yes, it's funny, isn't it ? We were well off before the war. We had a big house in Madrid and one there. So when Madrid. . . . we moved. I found I couldn't get food without a worker's card so I went to a big firm and said I could type, speak French and English, and they must take me, or I would starve, and my old mother—my father died long ago. I could not type, and they put me in a big room full of typists. I tried to finger out the letters. Then I heard silence—they had all stopped, and were watching me, giggling. I went on. At the end of the day the Manager said I could not stay. You must keep me, I said or I'll starve. Now I can type—and shorthand too."

"Have a drink ?" I asked. But she could not stop talking now.

"I was in a restaurant and a bomb fell. I bent down. When I straightened myself, there was only me standing. All the others were just twitching. Then the cart came—you heard them rumbling by all day. They collect the bits. Sometimes in the cart you see them still twitching. Then I left. It is so nice to be here—no papers, no politics, only happy people, and holidays."

"Yes," I said. "Barcelona fell yesterday."

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE MOVIES

"Gunga Din," at the Gaumont

"Gangster's Boy," at the Regal

IT has been a dull little week, with nothing to keep us going but the discovery that Robert Taylor's widow's peak is artificial and some enthralling bulletins recording the progress of Sam Goldwyn's *Wuthering Heights.* These are far too good to keep to myself, and I present a selection. Ornithology :

> Peacocks, while not the rarest of fowls working in pictures, are among the highest in cost to film producers. Six of the birds used in the garden scenes of Samuel Goldwyn's *Wuthering Heights* were rented at a daily cost of £4 each, including food and a caretaker at 25*s.* per day.

Social history :

> Research during the preparation of *Wuthering Heights* revealed that English people early in the Nineteenth Century averaged but four baths a year—an extravagance enjoyed only by the very best people. However this was no bar to Director William Wyler who ordered a bathing scene written into the picture for Merle Oberon, the star.

Entomology :

> Nearly four gallons of rubber tire cement, spun out finer than hair with a needle spray and fan apparatus, went into the making of cobwebs by the special effects department. According to Paul Widlicska, the special effects man, it would take spiders more than forty years to duplicate the movie magicians' work of a few hours.

I have not invented them. The originals, as they say, are on view at my office. If any of the Brontë spirit evaporates in California, we shall know at least that Goldwyn has done his best. I confess myself staggered by the thoroughness and the scale of his preparations. *Paulo minora canamus.*

Considered seriously, *Gunga Din* is very shocking. In the name of entertainment we are treated to an almost continuous display of violence, torture, machine-gunning and thuggery, and the only moral I can discern is that an English sergeant's upper-cut is as good as his word. In fact *Gunga Din* is a prize piece of Hollywood hokum, a Grade B *Bengal Lancer*, with Victor McLaglen, Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the three jolly sergeants. Kipling himself makes an unexpected appearance at the end, composing his poem in the colonel's tent and standing by in silent shame while the colonel declaims it to the regiment over the body of Gunga Din.

Gangster's Boy has the sort of plot you would have thought of yourself given the title and a spare quarter of an hour. Jackie Cooper is the son of a retired gangster, and very much of a credit to him, being honour man in scholarship, captain of football, and far and away the best hot drummer in his high school. The ex-gangster can't resist turning up to bask in these glories, and the news of his identity gets out. Quite an enjoyable film, unpretentious and wildly American, especially in its glimpses of college life. I liked the jitterbug scene at a Sophomore prom, and I liked still more the smile of the ex-gangster as he attained respectability by accepting a cigar from a judge.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Johnson Over Jordan," at the New Theatre

Mr. Priestley has written a play about death. He has no very new or profound reflections to offer. His aim has been rather, in an age of doubt, to stir us imaginatively, to contrast the little tableau of grief with possible voyages in eternity ; while the undertaker is opening the front door, let us say, the dead man has already passed from purgatory to hell or arrived at some halfway house to heaven ; he may even overhear, as in a dream, a few sentences spoken by the mourners round his grave. If such a play is to succeed, it must at least raise an eerie question-mark in our minds ; and at times Mr. Priestley's does. The Judgment Day in Act I has a moment of real panic when a megaphone announces "you have only five minutes left to complete your papers ;" and there is pathos at the end when Johnson, the Little Man, turns up his coat collar and walks into eternity. Between each act we have returned to the cramped corridor of Johnson's house where the coffin is still on its way downstairs. This comes off once, and so it might a second time if Mr. Priestley's immensities had not betrayed him. For his triptych grows flatter with each panel. Purgatory, a cross between an examination room and an insurance office, is followed by a night-club (hell) and an inn "at the end of the world" (first step to heaven). No wonder Johnson (Mr. Ralph Richardson) looks amazed and lost as he wanders through these landscapes of Mr. Zero, in which lights once more flicker, music groans, voices rise from the past, the capitalist's coat-tails frisk, typewriters chatter, the wicked wear masks and the good white, and the laugh is inclined to come in the wrong place. Such tricks of twentieth-century Gothic can perhaps be resuscitated in a light way (the Ballet Jooss have used it stylishly), but it will not carry the implications Mr. Priestley would like. *Johnson Over Jordan* begins by being uncomfortable and satiric and ends in sentimentality. Its realities are Johnson himself, more conjured against than conjuring, and the relatives in black. They may be flat but they're real, and after a time one would be grateful for even a real housemaid. In most of Mr. Priestley's plays commonsense drives through the acts like a team of horses, but here he seems to have been led by a nag up an alley. Since *Johnson Over Jordan* has been written by Mr. Priestley, it has its moments, and the promise of others. Mr. Richardson makes the most of them; his performance as Johnson conveys vividly the regrets, sentimentalities and baffled turns of a man in delirium. He is on the stage most of the evening, and the spectacle wears him down. Mr. Basil Dean's production, with ballet and dissolving scenery, is on a sumptuous scale.

"Macbeth," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge

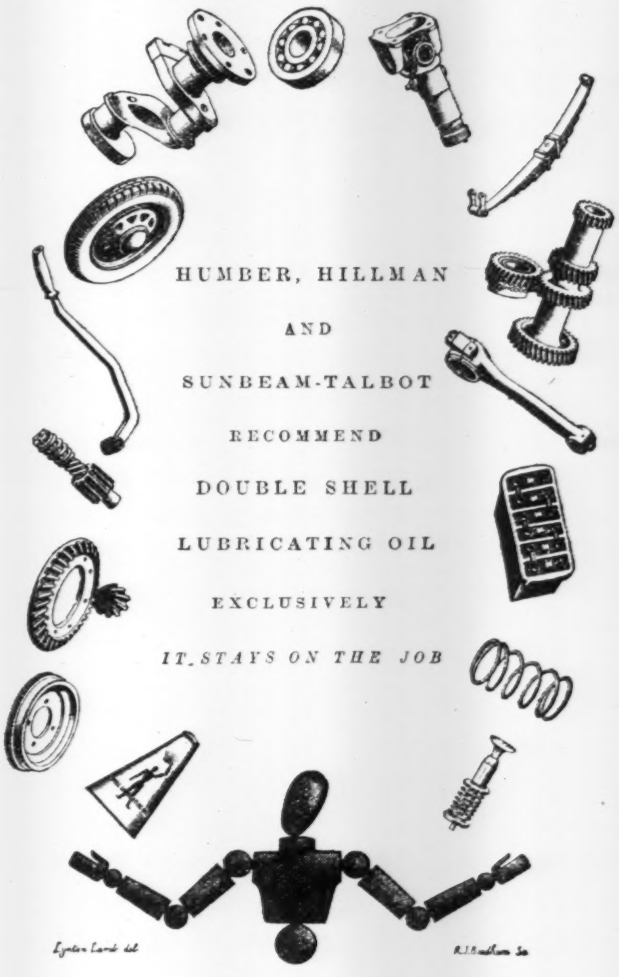
The preliminary announcement of this production by the Marlowe Society quoted Dr. Johnson: "Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted: *Macbeth*, for instance." All the professional performances we have seen supported Dr. Johnson's view, and even the pleasure derived from this production does not entirely disprove it, for the "acting" was skilfully reduced to a minimum, the lines, spoken always intelligently and musically, being allowed to make their own effect. The result was much the most satisfactory *Macbeth* we have seen—an object-lesson to the too clever producers who think Shakespeare requires enlivening with new and ingenious dodges. The Marlowe producer himself made one lively experiment, using eighteenth-century Highland costumes. These were of course far sweeter on the eye than the vaguely Wagnerian clothes usually employed, and Banquo's ghost in a black highwayman's cape made a considerable effect in the style of Scott, Pushkin or Poe. The apparitions were the best contrived that we have seen, and the battle-scenes at the end also gained greatly from the costumes. On the other hand, the mysteriousness of *Macbeth* is different from that of Romantic Revival works. And whereas *Hamlet* and *Othello* are pictures of Renaissance life, *Macbeth*, like *King Lear*, belongs to a mythical world, and the attempt to make it more "actual" inevitably robs the atmosphere of much of its grandeur. These charming gentlemen in tartans, one concludes, are much more acceptable than the usual hirsute Vikings, but they would be better still in clothes pictorial but entirely unhistorical. The actors all spoke with a justice that was delightful. Macbeth failed to excite pity, but had great range and power: we have never heard the last great soliloquy so well delivered as by this motionless statue of a king. The sleep-walking scene was no less good, with Lady Macbeth wearing herself out, walking incessantly. (Thus had she paced, a lioness, waiting while the murder was accomplished.) Such imaginative touches were frequent and more than made up for a certain leisureliness noticeable in the earlier acts. Macduff and the Porter gave the most irreproachable performances. The producer deliberately took the only sweetness out of the play by making Lady Macduff gruff and prosaic; and we cannot but wish that he had carried his disregard for tradition further, and made the witches speak their fabulous lines, instead of mewing them. In conclusion, one cannot be too grateful to the anonymous producer and actors, who, instead of massacring the play to make a holiday for themselves, attempted so successfully to place us directly in contact with the meaning and beauty of Shakespeare's text.

"Fidelio," at Sadler's Wells.

The revived *Fidelio* in an English translation by Professor Dent at Sadler's Wells this week is superior to the previous production and does succeed in conveying the spirit of this great but never popular opera. After some rather tame playing in the first scene of Act I the orchestra livened up and improved a good deal, notably in Act II. Ronald Stear was not very successful as the gaoler, Rocco, his style bordering perilously on bathos occasionally, and the singing of Dorothy Kingston as Marcellina was rather brittle. But in *Fidelio* everything depends upon the Leonora, and here Jeanne Ousseau was in many ways satisfying, giving a telling and sincere performance; although occasionally, as in the duet with Rocco in the second scene of Act I, her acting was not only inadequate but inconsistent in what is, admittedly, a difficult situation. *Fidelio* has a unique quality and is really beyond criticism, although it is amusing to remember that no less a musician than Teodor de Wyzewa wrote of the prisoners' chorus (one of the most wonderful pieces in all musical literature!) that it was not "really refined counterpoint." It is only just to add that he wrote this in 1881 and that in 1889 after hearing it again he retracted and called the opera "an incomparable marvel." It is true, however, that *Fidelio* more even than most artistic masterpieces needs the right audience, and its spirit is so utterly opposed to that of the generation just passing that many will see nothing but banality in the libretto and a certain conventionality in the style of the duets and quartets. All this is nothing compared with the quality and profundity of Beethoven's musical expression.

"To Love and to Cherish," at the Kingsway.

Mr. Michael Egan may be congratulated upon his audacity in choosing a subject so remote from the habitual preoccupations of the West End. A clergyman's two daughters fall in love with two men, both of whom have living wives separated from them by the divorce court, one having been the "innocent" party, the other, at least technically, "guilty." The clergyman is devoted to his children, but, convinced that remarriage is sinful, vigorously opposes their wish to marry. By technical skill and "natural" dialogue Mr. Egan keeps us interested for the first two acts, but the third act is melodramatic, unconvincing and inconclusive. At no point, moreover, is the crux of the matter exposed—do the girls themselves really believe that such marriages would be sinful? The elder girl seems to waver between desire for happiness and fear of hurting her father, without any deep convictions. Moreover, the parson would be in a stronger position if he were a strong traditionalist or Anglo-Catholic. In the play his disapproval of divorce seems an individual "hunch," to which his daughters might justly oppose individual hunches of their own. Miss Lydia Sherwood gives a most thoughtful performance as a girl waking from incipient spinsterhood into ardent femininity, and Mr. Robert Beatty is no less convincing and engaging as her Canadian admirer. Mr. Laidman Browne as the father, Miss Mary Jones as the younger daughter, Mr. Julian d'Albie as a modernist Dean are all remarkably good. Miss Helen Horsey well represents the vulgarity of the conventionally religious, Miss Narta Moore no less well the vulgarity of the conventionally irreligious. Miss Nellie Bowman makes a delightful servant. The characters in this play are uncommonly well presented, and it is a pity that Mr. Egan could not contrive a more significant conclusion.



Water-colour and Pencil Drawings at Agnew's.

The annual exhibition of water-colours at Messrs. Agnew's provides the visitor with much direct pleasure, the critic with an occasion for useful comparisons. Thus, looking at Brabazon a few yards from Turner, one wonders how anyone can take Brabazon seriously. He has the worst faults of both the amateur and the professional, wonderfully combining incompetence with slickness. How sure, how searching and how varied, on the other hand, are the Turners! Cotman and Sickert are two artists particularly well represented here: the Cotman *Storm* is worthy of Constable, the Sickert drawings are as good as any English drawings ever produced; he has rarely used water-colour, but the study here of St. Mark's is masterly. Among young painters Mr. Du Plessis and Mr. Claude Rogers stand up remarkably well to the distinguished company in which they find themselves. A small drawing by Watteau and a Madonna attributed to J. Bourdichon are two of the finest exhibits, while an object by G. J. Penwell is the most ignoble. Alexander Cozens, Girtin, Towne, Rowlandson are other artists well represented, and there are some very pleasant and unfamiliar townscapes by eighteenth-century Dutchmen.

THE COMING WEEK

Friday, March 3rd—
- Public Meeting: "Peace or War—the Choice." Speakers include Ethel Mannin, Lord Ponsonby, Donald Soper, with Canon Stuart Morris in the Chair. Friends House, 8.

Saturday, March 4th—
- H. L. Beales: "The Demand for National Unity," New Common Room, University, 7.45.
- The Antigone of Sophocles, Arts Theatre, Cambridge.

Sunday, March 5th—
- W. B. Curry: "If War Comes," Conway Hall, 11.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Covent Garden, 3.15.
- Dr. John Lewis: "Poems of Freedom and Revolt," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

Monday, March 6th—
- J. F. Horrabin: "The Approach through Geography," London School of Hygiene, Gower Street, 6.
- J. M. Blackburn: "Making a Social Survey," 8 Portman Street, 7.
- "Victoria Regina," People's Palace.
- "Escape Me Never," Baber Repertory Company Production at Twentieth Century Theatre. And on 7th.
- "Robert's Wife" (reopening), Savoy.

Tuesday, March 7th—
- W. Ofori-Atta: "Trusteeship and the Gold Coast," Friends House, 1.20.
- Lord Ponsonby: "The Stranglehold of Superstition," Conway Hall, 7.
- Public Meeting of the Poplar and Stepney Assoc. against Unemployment, Limehouse Town Hall, 7.30.
- Elizabeth Monroe: "Turkey," Morley College, 8.
- Debate: "Can Pacifism Restrain the Totalitarian States?" Ethical Church, Queensway, 8.
- International Women's Day Meeting and Pageant, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8.
- "We at the Crossroads," Globe.

Wednesday, March 8th—
- Exhibition of Oriental Manuscripts, Miniatures, Korans, Biblical Papyri, 24 Kensington Palace Gardens, 3. And on March 9th.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Black and Blue," Hippodrome.

Thursday, March 9th—
- Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery: "The Case for Family Allowances," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Friday, March 10th—
- Conference organised by China Campaign Committee: "China in World Affairs and Our Responsibility," Friends House.
- James Shand: "The Alphabet and the Printing Press," Reimann School, 4/10 Regency Street, 6.15.

Correspondence

REFUGEES IN RUSSIA

Sir,—It is most unfortunate that devotees of the Soviet system of government find it necessary, in rushing to its defence, to denigrate other people in an irresponsible way.

Your correspondent, Miss Olivia Price, in a letter published in your issue of February 25th, states that the academic refugees who fled to Russia, and were soon after expelled, were "dismissed because they were acting as Nazi German spies."

Now this is a deliberate and dangerous piece of defamation, aimed at those unhappy exiles, some of whom are at present working in our own academic institutions, full particulars of whom are registered in the office of the organisation caring specially for academic refugees. It formulates a charge which has not been made officially by the Soviet Government, and it alleges reprehensible conduct which is known neither to our Home Office nor to the State authorities of Czechoslovakia and those other countries which offered asylum to those twice expelled exiles.

Will Miss Price produce the source of her information, and the nature of the authority for her defamation?

I should like to remind her of one difference between the country she seeks to champion and her own, namely the law of libel. It may well be that the scientists to whom she has unjustly attributed these spying activities will take advantage of this democratic institution, since the statements she has so light-heartedly made, if rashly believed, might lead to an unjust termination of their temporary sojourn in our midst.

Savile Club, David Cleghorn Thomson
69 Brook Street, W.1.

Sir,—In your issue of February 25th you publish a letter from Miss Olivia Price in which we are told that the German scholars who have been expelled from Russia were spies in the German service. May I, as Chairman of a German Expatriated Scholars Committee, which has been endeavouring since 1933 to find openings for displaced scholars and professional workers, say a few words about the matter?

Many of the dismissed scholars were placed in Russia following our suggestions, so that I know them well enough. To act as a spy in the country of one's shelter is a despicable thing. Miss Price indicates that such abominable behaviour was practised by all of them, giving as proof only the article in the *Evening Standard* warning against German Jewish spies in England, which did not at all make such a wholesale accusation.

I have dealt with thousands of emigrés, or people who wanted to become emigrés, verbally and by letter. I have never found a case where anyone felt he was being used to serve as a German spy, although the people were generally most sincere with me. I believe I can declare for all of the many scholars and professional workers I know personally that they would prefer the most terrible lot for themselves and their relatives rather than become spies.

The expulsion of the German scholars and professional workers from Russia has, so far as I know, never been officially explained. In the great majority of cases the permit to stay was refused or not prolonged without any previous inquiry having been held in a law or police court. People were allowed to leave with their luggage and with their manuscripts; some of them have shown me recommendations from Russian authorities praising the work done to the last and which they have been forced to abandon. All this excludes the suspicion of espionage. Unofficially it was said that the professional workers, especially doctors of medicine, who had not tried to become Russian and members of the Communist Party were considered unwelcome and had to be removed. The people in question often abstained from seeking naturalisation in Russia, from joining the Communist Party and from relinquishing their German passports because, besides other reasons, it would have meant the impossibility of making even casual journeys to other countries, that is to say, of seeing their relatives again and of looking for openings elsewhere. There were some, however, who were willing to fulfil all the conditions asked and yet they were expelled, no official enquiry having taken place. What it means to lose one's livelihood twice in a short time, and to be accused without proof of the meanest behaviour, Miss Price will surely realise if she reads my letter.

Since the idea of espionage is naturally of the greatest disadvantage to many people who are already in a miserable position, I should be particularly grateful if you would publish my letter.

Notgemeinschaft Deutscher F. Demuth
Wissenschaftler im Ausland,
6 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS'S POLICY

Sir,—The arguments for a "United Front" would be overwhelming if there were good hope of the Front remaining united long enough to reach its objective; but memories of 1924 and 1931 indicate the doubt. Assuming a united Left majority at the election, the Tories can always riposte with a Red Letter; even if their Central Office forgot its cunning. Hit and miss would soon supply it; and 1924 and 1931 suggest that Liberals and "intellectuals" would again stampede, leaving Labour in greater popular discredit than ever, and leaving the chance of a "Left" policy more hopeless than before. I suggest that some such considerations underlie the official Labour attitude.

I think it is true that Labour is often stupid and indecisive (so perhaps are Tories?), and has a genius for ineffective electioneering; but it has the merit of withstanding the Gadarene impulse which overwhelms Liberals in a scare. (I have sometimes wondered why Labour so distrusts "intellectuals," but I think 1931 supplies some of the answer, even though there were some "intellectuals" who kept their heads in 1931).

We are told that Labour funks the responsibility of office; I think it shows very right respect for responsibility, in fearing to take office in conditions likely to wreck its cause; a further unchecked five years of national government is appalling, but less appalling than the same result following a spectacular collapse of a "United Front"; and it would be Labour that would be chiefly blamed for the collapse; Labour, who opposed the hats in 1931, is still more generally blamed for the hat victory than are the Liberals who directly collaborated in that victory!

We are also told that masses of people are "disillusioned with parties"; I fear it is true; but the threatening outcome of such disillusionment—of all moves for a New Party or a Let's All Pull Together Boys Front is—another "National Government"; the movement to obliterate parties and oppositions must if successful obliterate parliamentary government and establish dictatorship. The fact that this trend is very powerful seems an odd argument to persuade Labour to reinforce it.

I very greatly admire Sir Stafford Cripps and I confess I have been attracted towards his Front. I also think that Labour's response is once again muddled but I wonder whether its instinct is not the sounder. I am even inclined, in view of past events, to applaud its half-wish to purge itself of "intellectuals."

Cotherstone, Barnard Castle, H. E. BOURNE
Co. Durham.

SIR,—The Labour Party Executive claims that a Labour majority at the next election is feasible without a Popular Front: in order to achieve this it is necessary to retain all existing Labour seats and win all those at present held by Government majorities of 6,000 or less together with a few others.

There are 17 constituencies where the Labour majority is less than 1,000 and 20 others where it is less than 2,000. Surely a few of these would be lost.

In the 13 by-elections of 1938 the average "turnover" in favour of Labour was less than 4,500 or, excluding Ipswich, less than 4,000. Of the seven by-elections won by Labour in only two did the turnover exceed 6,000. At Doncaster, Walsall, Lewisham and Fylde (a representative sample of post-Munich by-elections) the Government vote decreased by 6.7 per cent. and the Labour vote increased by 8.9 per cent. From this also it is apparent that probably few seats held by Government majorities of 3,000/6,000 would change hands, and there are more of such seats than those in which the majority is less than 3,000.

There are of course 31 seats in which the Government was in a majority in 1935 of less than 3,000 over the combined Labour and Liberal votes and in each one-third of these the majorities were about 1,000, 2,000 and 3,000 respectively. Of the further 31 Government seats in which the combined Opposition votes were in a majority, in nearly one-half such majority exceeded 3,000. It is obvious that many of these seats would be won by the Opposition, if even only the greater part of the Liberal vote was transferred to a Labour candidate in the event of only the latter standing (or vice versa); in any case few of these seats could be won in the absence of Opposition agreement and the position would not therefore be worsened by it—especially in view of the fact that among the probable three-cornered contests there are only approximately 15 seats which being either Labour seats or winnable by Labour on the Executive's definition (i.e., Government majority of 6,000 or less), in which it is probable that if the Liberal stood down and say three-quarters of his vote were transferred to the Government, Labour's chances would be jeopardised. In about another 10 of such seats it is possible, though not likely, that Labour might suffer in similar conditions.

On balance the statistical advantages are heavily in favour of a Popular Front and the Executive's claims do not appear to be substantiated. HAROLD M. BOLT

THE U.S.S.R. AND YOUTH HOSTELS

SIR,—Mrs. Beatrice King's article emphasises once again the urgent need for more and closer contact between the common man and woman of this country and the "ordinary folk" of the Soviet Union.

In this connection it is perhaps worthy of note that at a recent Executive meeting of the Youth Hostels Association of England and Wales, a motion was carried calling upon the Executive to negotiate for reciprocal facilities for travel and accommodation with representative bodies in countries which have not yet developed Youth Hostel Associations and specially with the U.S.S.R. (See *The Rucksack*, February 1939 issue.)

I do not know if an organisation similar to our own Youth Hostels Association exists in the U.S.S.R.; if not, perhaps it is pertinent to inquire, why not? In view of the fact that large numbers of young English walkers and cyclists visit Nazi Germany every year through the medium of youth hostels, it seems a little unfortunate that they should be denied access in like manner to one of the few remaining countries in Europe which still holds out hope for the future of youth. N. R. TILLETT

Norwich.

OFFICIAL SECRETS ACTS

SIR,—There appears to be considerable misapprehension as to the extent of the proposed amendment to the Official Secrets Act, 1920.

The principal menace—Section 2 of the 1911 Act—still remains untouched. This is the very section which is capable of indefinite extension to cover not only espionage, but all manner of innocuous information which has been received from anyone who holds or has held office under His Majesty.

The only change made by the new Bill is in Section 6 of the 1920 Act. The old section made it an offence for any person to refuse to *answer inquiries* made by the police in the course of their investigation into an offence or suspected offence under the Acts. Such a refusal as the law stands at present is an offence whether

What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1888?

It may not much matter to you, but surely it matters greatly what Mr. Chamberlain said last year or last week.

Do you remember all the important statements that have been made during the last few years on such subjects as Armaments, Germany, Palestine, Colonies, Cost of Living, Unemployment, the Far East, etc.?

What every thinking reader of the NEW STATESMAN needs—and what many of them already possess—is a diary of world events: "Keesing's"—concise, impartial, accurate.

As a subscriber you receive (and file) each week-end a fresh supplement recording all the previous week's political, social, economic developments.

You look up its alphabetical index (renewed every week) and within a few seconds you can turn up the report on any event of importance.

You are thus always 'au courant' and always armed with facts.

To KEESING'S LTD., 107 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. (Central 3441)
Please give me full particulars of your news-cum-reference service, without cost or obligation on my part.

NAME ....
ADDRESS .... N.S. 22

the person interrogated is merely a potential witness for the prosecution or is himself implicated in the offence which is the subject of the inquiries.

To state it somewhat loosely and in lay terms, the offence under the old Section 6 of the 1920 Act is to refuse to *give information* about the giving or receiving of an "official secret." Under the *new* section 6 the offence will be to refuse to give information about the giving or receiving of an "official secret" *for the purpose of espionage*. The new Bill, therefore, deals only with what is comparatively a side issue—although a side issue which has gained considerable importance since the case of Lewis *v.* Cattle.

The main evil still remains. The applicability of the Act to Members of Parliament is unaffected by the new Bill. Similarly, as Section 2 of the 1911 Act still stands, Mr. Lewis would still be guilty of an offence. It is against Section 2 of the 1911 Act, therefore, that the main criticism must continue to be directed. That section must be so amended as to be confined, like Section 1, to the original purpose of the Acts—the suppression of espionage. The amending Bill will reach its committee stage in the Lords next Tuesday and it is of the utmost importance, therefore, that every effort shall be made to eliminate the menace of Section 2 of the 1911 Act. RONALD KIDD,

The National Council for Secretary.
Civil Liberties,
Morley House, 320 Regent Street, London, W.1.

STAG-HUNTING

SIR,—The account given by Mr. J. W. Fitzwilliam, Secretary of the British Field Sports Society, in your issue of February 25th of the recent Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds hunting "incident," differs markedly from the reports which appeared in a number of newspapers as well as from some local accounts. Nevertheless, though unable to admit the conclusions which he draws from it, I am quite willing to accept this statement of the "facts." The real issue remains unaffected. As I write I have before me a letter from the local Police Superintendent stating that the police have evidence "that a hind and a calf were hunted in the Minehead district on 28th January last, that a hind was later seen in the sea and subsequently escaped, whilst a calf's body was washed up on the beach the same evening." As the Red Deer of Exmoor lack any legal protection whatever, the police had of course no cause for intervention. Is it possible that the hind and calf in the sea were not those hunted earlier in the day? It is hardly likely; and most people will draw the obvious conclusion that they were the same. If the hind was the same (as Mr. Fitzwilliam admits) why not the calf also?

The really salient fact is that stag-hunting "incidents" of this kind—deer driven over cliffs or desperately taking to the sea, etc.—are *not* of outstanding rarity. Indeed, they can hardly be avoided while stag-hunting on Exmoor continues to be recognised as "sport."

There is unconscious irony in Mr. Fitzwilliam's *apologia* for the Minehead incident. He states that after the hind had been chased into the sea the Secretary of the Hunt and the hunt servants went to the beach "to see if the deer was all right." From such solicitude one might almost suppose that this was a pet deer out for a run, and not a wild creature which the hunt had been trying to harry to its death. BERTRAM LLOYD,

The National Society for the Hon. Secretary.
Abolition of Cruel Sports,
56 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

DOCTORS AND NURSES IN SPAIN

SIR,—The signatories of this letter launched an appeal two months ago for the purpose of helping doctors and nurses who have worked in Government Spain and who are unable to return to their countries. We wish to thank all those who have contributed to the fund.

Most of the Government medical personnel are now in the concentration camps in Southern France. They are looking after the sick and wounded of the Spanish Republican Army, carrying on their work under the most difficult conditions. We had a letter from a Hungarian nurse, who says: "The conditions in the concentration camps are too ghastly to describe. We knew it would be bad, but we didn't imagine that it would be quite so bad. The food consists of one loaf of bread between five of us for 24 hours; our patients get no more. We are either going to die of hunger or else perish with the cold. There are no blankets, and we sleep on the open ground. Please send us all the help you can."

Needless to say, all the money we have collected has already gone to the south of France. It was merely a drop in the ocean, but it at least held out hope to our unfortunate colleagues and friends. We feel that it is our duty to do everything in our power to help the people who with such self-sacrifice and devotion abandoned their personal interests two and a half years ago and have since tirelessly persevered in their humanitarian work. We feel that your readers will not fail us if we ask again for contributions for that purpose.

All contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr. C. F. Hill, 162 Kingston Road, Merton Park, S.W.19.

C. F. HILL L. CROME
ALEXANDER TUDOR HART G. B. SHIRLAW
A. L. COCHRANE H. BRADSWORTH
162 Kingston Road, Merton Park, S.W.19.

THOMAS SACKVILLE

SIR,—I am charmed by the quixotry with which Miss Sackville-West rushes to defend her forefather, dead three hundred years ago—even when he has not been impugned. Need I say that I both admire his poetry and respect his politics; I only regret, as she does, that his political career cut short his writing poetry. Nor does it seem to me at all a reflection on him to say that he made a fortune. Would that one could say the same of oneself!

I realise that his father, Richard Sackville, laid the foundations of the family fortune; but his son certainly added considerably to it. (He added Knole, for one thing.) Sir Robert Naunton in his *Fragmenta Regalia* tells us that Sackville, after being extravagant in his youth, more than made up for it later in the Treasurership, "where he made amends to his house for his mis-spent time, both in the increasement of estate and honour, which the Queen conferred on him, together with the opportunity to remake himself." An Elizabethan, still more a Jacobean, Lord Treasurer could not fail to add to his wealth.

The Elizabethans of course made the obvious pun on the name—they were much given to punning nicknames; and I have come across Sackfull, as well as Fill-sack. (Miss Sackville-West clearly means Archbishop Grindal, when she refers to Archbishop Grindley.)

I am afraid therefore that I can hardly accuse myself of an error—much as I should like to at the command of a lady whose work I so much admire—nor of an insinuation, of which my mind was quite innocent; but only of a somewhat summary statement of Sackville's career. Alas, that there was not space to go into Thomas Sackville more fully, *and* into his father, Richard Sackville, and all the little Sackvilles! I am sure Miss Sackville-West as a fellow-reviewer will sympathise. A. L. ROWSE

All Souls College, Oxford.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

SIR,—Polycritic, in your issue of February 25, writes that the Comédie Française had in recent years "degenerated into bureaucratic lethargy, providing a powerful argument against National Theatres in general." Why should this be so? Those of us who for so long have supported the project of giving London a National Theatre grow weary of having a moribund Comédie Française continually brought forward as a "powerful argument" against such an idea; especially as, owing to its peculiar constitution, the Comédie Française is, in reality, quite untypical of National Theatres in general. On the other hand few people in England seem aware of the fact that there have been, for years, on the Continent many National Theatres (from the Burg in Vienna to the Dramatisk Theater in Stockholm) all doing admirable work; and (what is even more to the point) literally dozens of State and municipal theatres in Central Europe working to an extremely high standard. Herein lie some of our "powerful arguments" in favour of providing London with an endowed and permanent home for the drama.

However, let us hope that the Comédie Française, now that it is no longer artistically decadent but in good hands and "justly fashionable," will provide us with fresh encouragement. A hope, maybe, illogical, but no more so than most of the hostile criticism that is usually directed against the National Theatre.

GRAHAM RAWSON

8 Campden Hill Square, W.8.

Routledge Novels

Black Earth

JOE CORRIE

"His picture of a mining community is a model of honest realism, free from sentimentality on the one hand, and from bitter distortion on the other."
The Scotsman. *7s. 6d. net.*

Children of Guernica

HERMANN KESTEN

The story of a Spanish family whose fate was sealed by five minutes of disaster at Guernica.

"One of the most vivid documents that has come out of the Spanish War."
Ellen Wilkinson. *7s. 6d. net.*

H. W. Nevinson

FILMS OF TIME

"In this book the old fighter looks back not over his life but over some of the knowledge that he has acquired and he draws a picture of the past as he imagines it from his reading, from his experiences and from his Herodotean travels." *The Observer.*
10s. *6d. net.*

Earthquakes
and other Earth Movements

J. MILNE, F.R.S., F.G.S. *Revised by*
A. W. LEE, D.Sc., A.R.C.S., D.I.C.

This standard work, which has already run into six editions, has been ably revised and re-written by Dr. Lee to include the latest developments in seismology.
Illustrated. 10s. *6d. net.*

Principles of Economic Sociology

AS ILLUSTRATED FROM THE BANTU PEOPLES

D. M. GOODFELLOW, Ph.D., B.Sc. (econ.)
Late Lecturer of Economics in the University of Cape Town

The author's objects are first to develop an Economic Theory of primitive life; secondly, to show the principles behind the making of economic decisions, whether among primitive or advanced peoples.
12s. *6d. net.*

ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

Just RICH & COWAN *Published*

SURGEONS ALL

The story of a thousand and one surgeons

by

HARVEY GRAHAM

In his foreword

Oliver St. J. Gogarty

says:

"THIS IS THE BEST BOOK ON SURGERY I HAVE EVER READ. I AGREE WITH EVERY WORD OF IT.

This book is not a text-book. That is one of the reasons it is so good. It is a history of surgery from the dawn of man to the present day and an instructive forecast of the future.

The whole world-wide history of surgery is herein detailed, and I can no more imagine a livelier or wittier and yet learned style of writing than that with which the author is endowed.

The twenty-four astonishing plates would assure the success of any book they illustrated."

With 24 Illustrations, Bibliography and Index.
18s. net.

WE DIVE AT DAWN

The Epic of the British Submarine Service,
by Lt.-Cmdr.

KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N.

Author of THE

GREY DIPLOMATISTS

In his foreword, Admiral of the Fleet

SIR ROGER KEYES *says:*

"Lt.-Comdr. Edwards is to be congratulated on having extracted from Official records, a brave tale of valour, enterprise, endurance and professional skill."

Fully Illustrated. *12s. 6d. net.*

A REMINDER FOR LENTEN READING

ERNEST RAYMOND'S

Masterpiece

IN THE STEPS OF ST. FRANCIS

"The best of all the 'In the Steps' books so far."
News Chronicle.

Fully Illustrated *8s. 6d. net.*

RICH & COWAN

NEW NOVELS

Uncle Tom's Children. By RICHARD WRIGHT. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Children of Guernica. By HERMANN KESTEN. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Portrait of a Man. By F. W. LISTER. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Unbroken Heart. By ROBERT SPEAIGHT. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dynasty of Death. By TAYLOR CALDWELL. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The American Negro has achieved a very curious place in literary history. Belonging to a subject race more downtrodden, even than the Jews, he has seen his music become the affectation, almost the folk-song, of his oppressors, and fair imitations of his idiom are crooned in every dance-hall of Western Europe. Seldom can a people have achieved such a cultural conquest and been able to show for it so little social and economic freedom. The Negro, indeed, has become a symbol of humility, and his Spirituals recapture in their joy and pathos the early days when Christianity still spoke with tongues, before Imperial ordinance and popular fury made it speak more loudly with swords and faggots; the Southern States have borne no *Red Flag* or *Wearing of the Green*, and the unrighteous are ignored rather than denounced. This inexplicable resignation has always puzzled the white friends of the Negro, and from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *Green Pastures* he has usually been depicted as a simple, naively virtuous being, whose natural nobility is only marred by his extreme childishness. Even so subtle a writer as Erskine Caldwell falls back on the Dark Blood to explain his coloured characters, and because he feels himself unable to get inside their minds makes do with their abdominal reflexes. The trouble, really, has been the paucity of his literary self-expression; only recently has the Negro begun to speak, as well as sing, for himself.

Mr. Wright is himself an American Negro, and *Uncle Tom's Children* is a collection of four long short-stories of racial persecution in the Southern States. There is a lynching, very horribly described, for an alleged assault on a white woman, an unjust execution for murder, the rape of a Negress by a white commercial traveller, and a story of a Church Elder flogged by Vigilantes for daring to join a Labour agitation. Throughout all the stories the Blacks are so white and the Whites so black that true characterisation is impossible, yet Mr. Wright tells his tales with such skill and passion that he almost persuades us that the angels are all on one side and that nothing but American brutality stands between his people and Utopia. When you examine them closely, Mr. Wright's views seem more than a little suspect. The emotions of revolt and revenge are certainly very stimulating, and one's heart leaps to see the white boss fall riddled with bullets, as joyfully as Madrid must cheer to see a bomber come down in flames. All the same, to meet the violent with violence is to fight the enemy on his own ground, and I suspect Mr. Wright of wanting vengeance as well as justice; a comprehensible but not therefore praiseworthy attitude. But besides propaganda, these stories contain writing of vigour and quality. The author writes from his senses rather than from his mind, and can describe a flood or reproduce the lilting rhythm of Negro speech with a rare and exciting fidelity. To some extent he restates the coon tradition of happy Negros with mouths full of melon and heads full of melody, but he brings a pathos where before was only sentimentality, and shows us boys who, a few minutes earlier, were extemporising chorals to the puffing of a distant train, running like puzzled, angry animals from the noose and the hot tar. *Uncle Tom's Children* is not a great novel—it is too simple and monotonous for that—but it is moving and highly unusual. It is that rare thing, a piece of propagandist literature that is literature as well as propaganda.

Children of Guernica is concerned rather with the effects than the events of war, and most of the action is set in those exciting days when Guernica and Bilbao still basked in the sun of what was, according to the author, a slightly comic-opera autonomy. The narrator of the story is Carlos, one from the many children of a Guernica chemist, and its purpose—well, it's difficult to be quite sure what the author intended. First, there's a conflict between the austere, almost saintly, wholly inarticulate father of the family, and the wicked Uncle Pablo who, well in middle age, still lives for the moment, seduces for the exercise and gets at least sixty-one seconds of amusement from every minute of his deplorable bohemian life. Then there are the brothers and sisters: Innozentia, who loses her innocence in rather remarkable circumstances; Jose, who employs his lovely new penknife to kill the loutish dictator of Guernica; the shameless Eugenio, who goes about naked, and several others of the same peculiar vintage. For three-quarters of its length, in fact, the book is a chronicle of one of those crazy families who recently swept the West-End and ravished the super-cinemas; with the important difference that the conventions are unfamiliar and death waits only just round the corner. In the end the bombers arrive and two-thirds of the family are left dead in the ruins, Uncle Pablo, of course, being among the survivors. Then, unexpectedly, the novel takes a turn for the serious, introspects on the purpose of existence and ends rather inconclusively in the emigré quarter of Paris, where everyone wonders what will happen next, and is scarcely consoled by reflecting that it can hardly be worse than what has happened already. Herr Kesten, in short, has somehow missed fire, and what was obviously intended to be a coherent tragedy turns out no more than an excellent variety programme of the old-fashioned kind in which the leading comic may suddenly fall on his knees in a blaze of blue spotlight to move the house to tears with a song about his mother's grave. Herr Kesten, I think, has fallen into the error of believing that terrible happenings are tragically moving in themselves, and that to see his relatives killed in an air-raid would stir Mr. Smith as much as it would Prince Hamlet. We believe in the irresponsible, irrepressible Pablo, who jokes about the slaughter when the blood is hardly dry, but poor Carlos is as pale and insubstantial as a waning star, and belief in his blazing interior is politeness rather than conviction. But whatever its intentions, *Children of Guernica* makes admirable entertainment; the icing is so sparkling we can well ignore the cake.

Mr. Lister has made a bold bid for success by combining the stories of Samson and Oedipus, and if *Portrait of a Man* is not quite as effective as either of its famous sources, it at least moves the sympathy without arousing the passions, and detains the attention without causing the unhealthy mental excitement that some writers might have extracted from a similar theme. The hero of the novel is middle-aged, a schoolmaster and a saint. He is not, of course, one of those fierce foreign ascetics who daren't even love virtue because Love is Desire and Desire Sin, but a typically British sort of mystic, who does unobtrusive deeds of charity and is the soul, if not the life, of the local parish council. Unfortunately, he marries again, marital amenities corrupt good

STATE INTERFERENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA
By F. J. VAN BILJON, D.Com. 15s

This book, tracing the evolution of South African economic policy presents an analysis of State intervention in the chief spheres, including industrial protection, organised agriculture, foreign trade relations, labour policy and transportation control. It will yield a wealth of information to whoever is interested in the economic problems of a developing mixed community.

Ready March 10th.

A STUDY IN ENGLISH LOCAL AUTHORITY FINANCE
By JOSEPH SYKES, *Head of the Department of Economics, University College, Exeter.* 12s.

A realistic survey of post-war local authority finance in England and Wales. The work includes a short history of post-war changes in expenditure and revenue; an analysis of their economic and social effects; and a discussion of some of the outstanding problems of future policy—especially the reform of the system of local rates.

Ready March 14th.

SEARCHLIGHT ON SOCIAL CREDIT
By W. R. HISKETT and J. A. FRANKLIN, with an Introduction by KINGSLEY MARTIN. 8s. 6d.

In his Introduction the editor of *The New Statesman and Nation* says: "Mr. Hiskett and Mr. Franklin have . . . refused to be defeated by the illusive nature of Douglasism and have, I veritably believe, tracked down, shown up and destroyed not merely the original A plus B theorem, but every one of its numerous re-statements and re-interpretations in books and pamphlets and in the copious periodical literature of Douglasism. The book is sincere, lucid, and I think, conclusive."

P. S. KING & SON, LTD.
WESTMINSTER

New Data on Lenin's "Imperialism: the Highest Stage of Capitalism"

EDITED BY VARGA & MENDELSOHN

Demy 8vo. 322 pp. 6/- net

A world-wide survey of monopoly capitalism illuminated by Lenin's brilliant diagnosis. The original text of "Imperialism" is printed parallel with the notes which have been prepared by these two leading Soviet economists.

Dolores Ibarruri **(Pasionaria)**

SPEECHES & ARTICLES, 1936-1938

Demy 8vo. 263 pp. 2/6 net. Photographs

A collection of speeches and articles by Republican Spain's famous woman leader, many of which have not hitherto been published in this country.

Against Aggression

by Maxim Litvinov

Demy 8vo. 208 pp. Popular edition, paper, 2/-
Library edition, cloth, 5/-

Speeches delivered chiefly to the League of Nations, between 1934 and 1939, thus providing the most authoritative account of Soviet peace policy. Together with text of principal treaties and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The Founding of the First International

Crown 8vo. 96 pp. Stiff Boards, 1/-

A collection of the most important documents relating to the Founding of the First International in 1864. Edited by the Marx-Engels Lenin Institute.

LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD.

2 Parton Street
London W.C.1

METHUEN

Munich and the Dictators

R. W. SETON-WATSON

No one is better qualified to write the inside story of the Czech crisis and its aftermath than the author of *Britain and the Dictators.* Professor Seton-Watson's brilliant sequel will be read with immense interest by every student of the times. 5s.

Victory Over Cancer

Without Radium or Surgery

CYRIL SCOTT

A vigorous and convincing effort, by the author of *Doctors, Disease and Health,* to dispel the fear inspired by cancer in the minds of thousands of people. 7s. 6d.

E. V. Lucas: A Portrait

AUDREY LUCAS

"Read this book. It will show you the portrait of 'E. V.' in many lights. It amplifies his works most graciously."—Edward Knoblock in *The Sunday Times.* Illustrated. 6s.

A Wayfarer in Yugoslavia

LOVETT F. EDWARDS

With 16 plates. 8s. 6d.

Novels of Distinction

April: A Fable of Love

VARDIS FISHER

This bucolic masterpiece, by the author of *Forgive Us Our Virtues,* is the most exquisite in artistry of all Vardis Fisher's writings. 7s. 6d.

Who Pays?

MARY MITCHELL

Has all the brilliance of Miss Mitchell's first novel, *A Warning to Wantons.* 7s. 6d.

36 Essex Street, W.C.2

manners, and his wife's attractions divert his son from theological studies, until we stand trembling on the brink of that *abime passionel* into which so many authors would joyously have plunged us. Not so Mr. Lister. Father feels hurt, wife feels unhappy, son pulls himself together, and nothing happens at all. *Portrait of a Man* excites no thought, stirs no emotions, makes no jokes and tells practically no story, and I wish I could say something ill about it. But if the book is pointless as a whole, each page is so competently written that one almost forgives it for saying nothing. The author is a natural writer and his novel is, to use a hackneyed phrase in its true sense, readable enough to remind one that reading, isolated from the sense of what one reads, can be nearly as pure a pleasure as walking or solving equations. Without epigrams or fine writing, Mr. Lister can hold the attention; it is only to be regretted that he chose so tenuous a plot.

The Unbroken Heart is that rare anachronism, the cultured novel. There are quotations, in the original, from Tacitus and Racine, descriptions of Romano-Gallic architecture and references to Tolstoy, Stendhal, Catullus, Scarlatti and many others, all with informative comments. The actual story—that of a young man driven to sublimated sexual mania by the maternal possessiveness of his aunt—is rather overshadowed by the cultivation, and the moods and eccentricities of the unhappy hero seem a little too precious to be passions. Mr. Speaight writes fluently and well, and though his culture is not as stimulating as Huxley's or as erudite as that of Joyce, it makes a brave show in a sadly hostile world. Mr. Speaight is a stylist in the antique mould, and I wish him a happy survival amidst the boisterous Western wind of the new colloquialism.

Dynasty of Death is technically described as "a Giant Novel," and is so powerful and provocative that it should drive all its rivals off (or on to) the shelf and provoke reactions even in the mildest of readers. The heroes are a family of American armament manufacturers, and for nearly eight hundred pages we watch them prove again and again that Genius is an infinite capacity for making planes. The general effect of the book is that of a Club raconteur got out of control; the needle has slipped and the story might repeat itself, in slightly different words, almost for ever. As far as I could see there was no reason for it to stop where it finally did, so, for the sake of its numerous admirers, I hope we have several more volumes. It can't make much difference.

JOHN MAIR

UNITY OF EUROPE!

Political Thought: The European Tradition. By J. P. MAYER AND OTHERS. *Dent.* 18s.

Mr. Mayer's book is not another history of politics, of which there are already in all conscience enough, but an attempt to "portray the interweaving and continuous operation of the main decisive European political ideas," an attempt which has been made with the practical purpose of finding some path of safety through the jungle of contemporary Europe. The book begins with a brilliant Introduction by Professor Tawney; there are four chapters by Mr. Mayer on Greek and Roman Thought, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Seventeenth Century; there is an admirable chapter on British Political Thought by R. H. S. Crossman, and chapters on the political theory of France, Italy and America by E. Kohn-Bramstedt, C. J. S. Sprigge, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and P. Kecskemeti.

The book is so rich in material, touches on so many topics, and offers so much scope for comment, that for the writer of a short review the task of selection presents more than usual difficulty.

Let me take first Professor Tawney's Introduction. Its theme is the fact of European unity. Europe, we are reminded, is more than a congeries of States; nor is it with the State alone that political theory is concerned, but with "all forms of association in which men unite to avert common perils and serve collective needs." The State is, indeed, among the least of the elements of a civilisation. The Romans destroyed political Jewry, but the Jews were winning triumphs in the world of the spirit when Rome as a political entity had disappeared. There were great Germans, Kant and Goethe and Beethoven and Bach, long before the German State had crystallised out of the welter of petty princedoms which succeeded the Thirty Years' War.

National characteristics exist and are important, but we are warned against accepting as fundamental those which happen to strike the eye of the observer, particularly of the hostile observer, at any given political epoch. To the nineteenth-century Englishman, the German was dreamy and romantic; to the seventeenth-century Frenchman the English were "wolves and tigers"; to the eighteenth-century Englishman revolutionary France was a nation of assassins. In each case, within a hundred years, the estimate of national character changed. Thus each nation shows at different times a different front to its neighbours, because they view it through differently coloured spectacles. What imparts the colouring to the observer's spectacles? His State, its needs, its ambitions, its fears, and its policy. The moral is that we do wrong "to suppose that the existence of a score of sovereign States is the sole reality which matters, as though the facts of human life and the principles of human conduct change with every change in the uniforms of customs officers." In the existing period of State anarchy, it is well that we should be reminded that States are not their peoples; that their policies do not change their peoples, and that beneath the patchwork of hostile political entities which covers Europe with its uneasy quilt there lies a common European heritage.

In what does this common heritage consist? In certain reserves of common experience which express themselves in architecture, in art and literature, in philosophy and, above all, in a respect for reason. "The spiritual history of Europe," in Professor Tawney's illuminating phrase, "is not unitary but federal." It is formed of a number of diverse streams, carrying each "something of the colour of the soil through which it has run."

The European respect for reason is a theme which Mr. Mayer develops. "The ethos of reason," he writes, "is "the common European inheritance. . . Without reason the European would sink into barbarism."

I agree, although I should have added to respect for reason, respect for law. The notion that even rulers may be bound by law is as local in its incidence as it is revolutionary in its conception. It belongs to Europe and to Europe alone, and it has lasted for less than two thousand years. Both we owe to the common country of our minds' origin, Greece. It is because of the revolt against reason, which is also a revolt against law, that has characterised the last fifty years of European thought—the contradiction comes out in the very words one uses; for how can a revolt against thinking be carried on by thought?—that the civilisation of Europe to-day shows signs of falling to pieces. The sources of the revolt are many. There has been the Bergsonian emphasis upon instinct as a guide to action and intuition as a revealer of truth; the Marxist insistence that reason is not free, but is the mirror of economic conditions; the psychoanalysts' demonstration that reason is the handmaid of desire and can only rationalise the conclusions to which desire points. Above all there has been the Nazi invocation of the blood stream as the repository of wisdom—one feels truth, it seems, in one's arteries—an invocation which, as Mr. Mayer in his chapter on Germany points out, derives from the political mystique of the German philosophers of the last century, and also, one might add, from the abdominal mystique of D. H. Lawrence in this one.

The object of Mr. Mayer's book being practical, one is entitled to ask, what moral emerges? The European heritage is threatened, what, then, are we to do? It is here that the book is unsatisfactory. One moral pointed by Mr. Crossman is that we should put our own house in order. We do not, the fact is, alas, obvious, we do not in England *think*. Consequently we have no political philosophy for the times. The two creeds that increasingly command the acceptance of serious persons, Marxism and Pacifism, Mr. Crossman dismisses as "emotional reactions to the crisis," rather "than as positive contributions to its solution." And neither, he thinks, is suited to the English genius. Meanwhile, we are a class-ridden society and our democracy, in Professor Tawney's words, "struggles for breath in an atmosphere more sodden with a servile respect for money and position than exists in any other country in Western Europe."

Yes, assuredly, we must put our own house in order. Unfortunately, we are not told how.

In spite of its practical intention, this is a book not for the general reader but for the student. Yet I doubt if it is a good students' book. It has no clear shape, and it is difficult to discern the pattern into which the chapters on the political thought of the various countries are intended to fit. There is much parade of learning, yet one cannot help but wonder whether this is the sort of subject to whose elucidation great learning is appropriate. For my part, I have never been able to understand the academic fuss which political theory evokes. The State, what is it? A device for promoting and maintaining the conditions in which

THEY SMOKE IT HERE...

"there is nothing to beat it"
WRITES A LONDON ARCHITECT

THEY SMOKE IT THERE...

"Wonderful stuff—"
WRITES A BURMA TEAK WALLAH

..THEY SMOKE

JOHN SINCLAIRS BARNEYS

EVERYWHERE

When you buy a tin of Barneys, you are joining a cheery brotherhood of smokers which stretches from the Tropics to both regions of Eternal Ice, from the far Western ports of the New World to the remotest cities of the East . . .

. . . Largely through the praise and *continued* recommendation of the men who smoke it, Barneys has attained World-wide fame and sale.

Try Barneys next time! When you have made acquaintance with its honest North Country goodness, and experienced that friendly charm, you will understand the feeling of that man who wrote: "*What a fool I've been—smoking a pipe for twenty-five years and only just discovered Barneys.*"

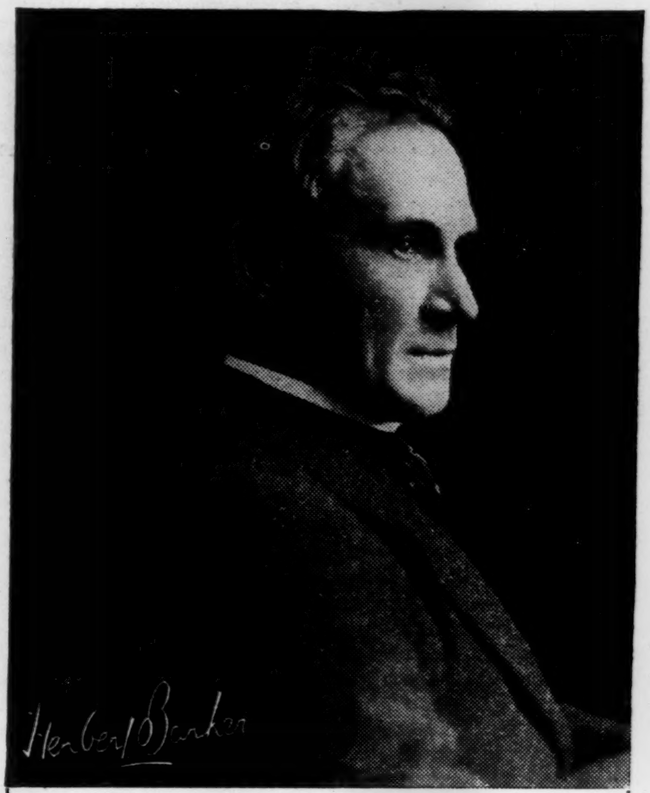
EVERFRESH EVERYWHERE

Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full*) are packed in the patent "EverFresh" Container which keeps the Tobacco factory-fresh indefinitely. 1 oz. 1/2d.

A CIGARETTE AS GOOD AS BARNEYS TOBACCO!

Barneys Cigarettes are a *high-class* Virginia, in the Barneys tradition, yet cost only 6d. for 10. The smoker of keen appreciation will find them *very good.*

(247) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne**



Sir Herbert Barker, who designed the BARKER Shoe

A lady writes:

"I just want to say a million thanks to you for recommending me to try Sir Herbert Barker Shoes. Since starting to wear these shoes my feet are different altogether, and I could shout with joy at being able to walk again without pain.

I am not exaggerating when I say that for six years I suffered untold agony and although I tried various cures, could get nothing to relieve the pain."

R. Y.

* * * *

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes for men and women are obtainable from appointed shoe fitters in all large towns. Send postcard for Booklet and read the story of how Sir Herbert Barker discovered the ideal shoe.

NORVIC SHOE Co. Ltd.,
Dept. 8, Northampton.

Sir HERBERT BARKER Shoes
For men *For women*

its members can live the good life as they conceive it, and develop their personalities. In other words, it is a convenience, like a public lavatory or an arterial road. The truth is surely obvious enough. Yet round the statement of this simple truth there accretes a vast mass of theorising, the product not of experience, but of *a priori* cerebration. It seems at times a little unnecessary.

C. E. M. JOAD

HORSE AND CART

A History of Science, Technology, and Philosophy. By A. WOLF. *Allen and Unwin.* 25s.

The frontispiece chosen by Professor Wolf for the third volume of his History of Science is suitably enough that picture which served as frontispiece of Diderot's *Encyclopédie*, in which almost every branch of human activity is personified and sat down upon a cloud in the neighbourhood of an ill-designed Ionic building. The ground covered is enormous—Science, Technology, Philosophy, Economics, Psychology; the impression created by covering it all in one volume is one of extreme chaos and disorder. A more disturbing impression also created is that the left and right hands were rather less aware of each other than they should have been: the right hand may talk sense in the section on economics with regard to those theorists who were largely responsible for building up the revolutionary ardour of the business and propertied classes in eighteenth-century France, but the left hand has looked up from its account of Lavoisier's Chemistry to describe the moving force behind the revolution as Irreligion. And, in the section on Building, after a wholly admirable summary of those experiments on the strength of materials that helped to eliminate so much waste and clumsiness from building, there follow some five hundred words of inexpressibly silly nonsense about architecture, which suggest that nothing smaller than Mereworth or Stowe was built in the period. There are some curious omissions: there was during the eighteenth century an enormous increase in water-borne trade, constructional methods in the building of large vessels underwent striking improvement and there was a great advance in the design of the underwater body, at the same time a number of new types of fresh-water and coastal vessels came into being. The only aspects from which this important branch of Transport is considered are subsidiary: Harbours and Lighthouses, and Marine Instruments (under Science and not under Technology). The only ships considered are the typical and highly experimental steamboats. The period covered saw the foundations laid of the elaborate paper house of modern finance, but the section on economics is entirely devoted to a brisk potting of the more advanced theoretical work. And an odd omission from the Technology of the Age of Reason is printing. The draughtsman responsible for Diderot's frontispiece picked out certain arts and sciences to be represented by attractive young persons and others by grubby, sensibly clad artisans, who were relegated to a place in a mob at the foot of the picture. The discrimination was not purely arbitrary but was made in accordance with an academic caste system; certain branches of knowledge were respectable, others were not. As in the frontispiece so in this book certain of the sciences are treated with greater reverence than others, but in accordance with contemporary values, not those of the eighteenth century. Those sciences which became important in the following century are treated as already important and the picture is considerably distorted for that reason. Much of the scientific research of the period, valuable as a minute proportion of its results have turned out to be, comes under the heading of genteel amusement, and its influence on contemporary life and on the life of the succeeding century was trifling compared with that of technological improvement. It is now more respectable to work for a salary paid by an educational institution than to take wages from an industrial concern; this need not obscure the fact that the salary-earners are the descendants of the indulgers of hobbies while the wage-earners carry the torch of the men who made the base of the modern industrial world. If Science and Technology of the eighteenth century must be dealt with in the same book it is Science that must take second place in order to preserve true historical perspective.

At the same time, a more admirable *compte rendu* of eighteenth-century scientific work could not be desired, with its accurate and concise account of experiment and theory and its many beautifully reproduced engravings of apparatus. It is a pity that such an elegant cart should have been put before so interesting a horse.

ANTHONY WEST

THE
LONDON MERCURY
2s. Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES 2s.
MARCH

The MARCH number, now on sale, is specially devoted to the memory of

W. B. YEATS

The issue includes:

Four New Poems

written last autumn and almost his last work; an article entitled

The Poet of Vision
by HENRY W. NEVINSON

in which the author, in the course of a general appreciation of Yeats's work, recalls many personal talks with him and recollections of his early days;

Yeats as Political Philosopher
by J. M. HONE

who perhaps knows as much about Yeats and his circle as any man living, writes now particularly upon his influence on Irish public life.

Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES in his Editorial Notes recalls conversations with Yeats in his middle life, and some interviews with him during the last year.
An unusually interesting photograph of Yeats, taken recently in the South of France, is reproduced in photogravure.

SHORT STORIES, OTHER POEMS and ARTICLES, with many pages of BOOK REVIEWS by well-known critics, also regular features—ART, DRAMA, FILMS, MUSIC, etc.

At all shops and stalls

Postal subscription 27s. yearly to any address

10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

CHÂTEAU BURNETT 1939

A Family and a Fortune. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Once every two years, punctual as a comet and no less brilliant, the muse of Miss Compton-Burnett pays us a return visit, and for a few days, as we read, we seem to share her penetrating vision and to live in a luminous world in which platitudes are dismissed, inexactitudes exposed and the motives of human behaviour inexorably laid bare. In her earlier novels the interplay of passion and egotism has generally mounted to a catastrophe more spectacular than that of *A Family and a Fortune*, but her unique and extraordinary talent remains itself; each scene, page and character is still of the purest Compton-Burnett. To those who know her work the assurance is hardly necessary, for she has never failed us yet; at Château Burnett every year (or, more exactly, every other year) is a vintage year. But there are many who have not tasted this heavenly wine, and a few who declare it, after a sip or two, excessively dry; one cannot assume an audience composed only of experts and enthusiasts, and the first thing is to define for the sake of the others its essential qualities.

These novels are economical in everything but wit; their invariable subject is the internal tension of family life, and anything extraneous to this is rigidly excluded. Places are never mentioned, dates rarely, but it gradually becomes evident that we are reading about a comfortable upper-class family living in the country some thirty or forty years ago; this time, exceptionally, we are enabled to deduce that the period is 1901 and that the males were educated at Eton. The family is large, extending over several generations, and usually dominated by a domestic tyrant, and it is isolated from all contact with the outer world except for visits to and from a small group of highly inquisitive neighbours. The narrative is carried on entirely by means of dialogue—that subtle, ironical and mercilessly precise banter which is Miss Compton-Burnett's particular discovery and distinction. The families of which she writes are disputatious and quarrelsome and, when they begin to wrangle, prove themselves Senior Wranglers one and all: their conversation does not simply contain flashes of wit, it is a continual blaze of intellectual brilliance. The commonest failing of those who "cannot get on with a Compton-Burnett" (apart from sheer inability to concentrate) is to consider the dialogue as though it were a realistic representation of life. Fortunately, no novelist's dialogue is ever quite that; and, considered realistically, Miss Compton-Burnett's conversations are totally incredible; thus, Mr. Seaton, at the age of 87, and Aubrey, at the age of 15 (and a "backward" boy at that) display powers of intellectual concentration which would be remarkable in a Professor of Logic. Since the books are composed of conversations in which everybody is almost equally brilliant, it might be supposed that it would be difficult to distinguish between the characters, and at first sight it appears to be so; but it is only at first that, like Chinese to the visiting occidental, they appear all alike; later on they are seen to be individuals, very sharply and deeply different. It is again beside the point to complain that such a galaxy of talkers is unlikely to be found in a single, obscure provincial family; one might as well object that no real Almaviva ever had in his household as many fine voices as are required by Mozart. The operatic analogy is useful, for witty formal dialogue is for Miss Compton-Burnett simply the natural medium for the unfolding of character, as music was for Mozart, iambics for Sophocles, and blank verse for Shakespeare.

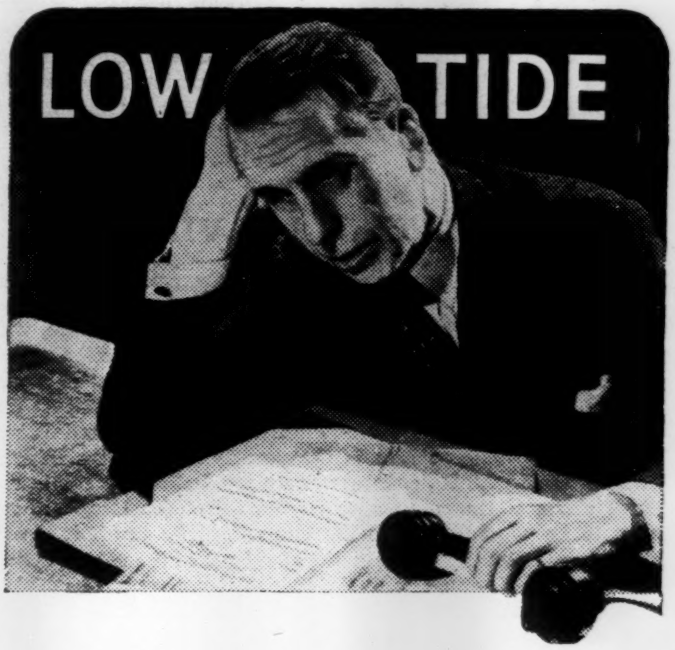
The special feature of the dialogue is that everyone is minutely attentive to everyone else; there are no loose ends, each phrase is examined, its implications revealed, its conventionalities exposed. We are in the centre court at Wimbledon, and every character is a seeded player; again and again the ball is driven to the base line, retrieved and driven back again, until someone (in this instance it is usually Aubrey) concludes the rally with a neat and unanswerable drop shot. Sometimes the speaker even runs round the net and returns his own stroke, and the person who does this is usually, it should be observed, the most clear-sighted and admirable member of the group. Thus Dudley, the recipient of a fortune of £50,000, when asked what his feelings were, concludes:

> ". . . and I went to bed feeling that my little affairs had a small place in the general scheme, and that it would all be the same a hundred years hence; which is not true, but it was right for me to feel it. And now I ought to say that that is the longest speech I have ever made, but I never know how people can be sure of that.'

The receipt of this fortune is the turning-point in the book, and much comedy is occasioned by the universal tendency to exaggerate the amount: Mr. Penrose, for example, talks about "a quarter of a million," and has to be rebuked. But he defends himself:

> "Well, well, Mr. Dudley, putting it in round numbers."
>
> "But surely numbers are not as round as that. What is the good of numbers? I thought they were an exact science."

The comedy, however, is incidental; the true function of the legacy is to bring out all the greed, possessiveness and self-deception latent in the family; and in a score or so of pages we are treated to the entire spectroscope of hypocrisy. The characters are this time not so formidably despotic and evil as they used to be; it is like reading Euripides after Aeschylus, and we may miss at first the monumental grandeur of such a character as Sabrina in *Daughters and Sons*. But the subsidiary portraits are seen to have increased in truth and variety, and the set scenes to have acquired a new ease and fluidity. Only in the appalling Aunt Matty and her bullied companion Miss Griffin do we still catch an echo of the old note; and Matty is not (as she would like to be, and Sabrina was) the centre of the picture. That position is held by a very delicate study of the relationship between two middle-aged brothers, both really good-natured, though one of them is lazy and indifferent and a bad father. "I like good people," says Maria Sloane, who nearly marries the younger brother and does marry the elder; "I never think people realise how well they compare with the others"; and I have the impression that in this novel Miss Compton-Burnett has deliberately set herself the problem (difficult for all novelists and, owing to her special technique, doubly so for her) of rendering the nice as vivid as the nasty. I use the terms relatively; her characters could never be wholly admirable; her X-ray is certain to reveal the flaws which must exist in all human tissue. Justine, for example, though fundamentally good, is quite exasperatingly conscious of her own virtue; she plays one of those pompous, long-winded roles hitherto usually assigned to a male, and her sparring matches with Aunt Matty are brilliantly evocative of the character of both. The triumph of the book is, I think, Aubrey, the "little boy" at once precocious and backward, alternately petted, patronised and



"In the present state of medical knowledge . ."

Doctoring to-day is so progressive, so brilliant, that it can afford to admit its limitations. The modern Doctor is not a "medicine man". When he answers our question with a frank "We do not yet know", our confidence in him is increased, not lessened. So that when he tells us that there *are* certain established principles of health, we know that we can rely on these implicitly.

"No more effective treatment for shortening convalescence is known", he says, "than regular feeding of the nerves and blood with organic phosphorus and protein." 'Sanatogen' supplies emergency rations of just those elements—and supplies them in a form that young and old can assimilate.

'Sanatogen' restores lost vigour and vitality. Steadily and surely it nourishes and repairs exhausted nerves, and revitalises the blood. 'Sanatogen' is a scientific nerve-tonic and food. It will not work miracles — but it *will* work wonders!

Take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. (Regd. Trade Mark)

the Nerve Tonic Food

—and live up to life again!

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

A 'GENATOSAN' product. The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Registered Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., and denotes their famous brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate.

M & C

spurned by his family; a wizened, sensitive, unhappy creature with no defence but his sharp tongue. In Aubrey Miss Compton-Burnett has created something as haunting to the imagination as the most spectacular of her termagants, and perhaps more subtle.

To paraphrase a speaker in *Daughters and Sons*, " Our author is in her prime. I can hardly tell you how utterly she is in it."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A CATHOLIC VIEW

Foreigners Aren't Knaves. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Longmans.* 5s.

Mr. Hollis is a very simple-minded and candid Catholic, with a good general knowledge of the international situation and a praiseworthy desire to explain it as fairly and dispassionately as possible. He writes well and with a lucidity that is in part due to an altogether excessive simplification of complicated issues. The ultimate value to him is the preservation of Catholicism. He hates the U.S.S.R., and is strongly pro-Italian. He is in two minds about Germany because he fears that the Nazis are not going to be good friends to the Church. The result is a very fair discussion on the purely nationalist level of the colonial issue, a very reasonable warning to the British that they too have their imperialism and their period of expansion and should be prepared to realise that they cannot run the world for ever as they like. Like many other conservatives to-day, he is now sympathetic to the pacifist not only because he has a humane hatred of war, but also because he is sure that the real battle of ideologies is West versus East—East meaning Socialism and Russia and West meaning capitalist Democracy. Germany should be clearly with the West. But Hitler shows awkward characteristics. Hence concessions, even colonies, should be given to Hitler—provided that they are part of a real and final settlement and provided that it is understood that so long as the Germans " remain anti-Christian, correct relations can never develop into intimate relations." The merits of this dialogue—and they are considerable—are modesty, candour and a very lucid and engaging style. Only occasionally does Mr. Hollis really talk nonsense. It is nonsense to say that " we have guaranteed the new Czech frontier. We cannot in honour escape that obligation, and we cannot fulfil it without armaments." This is the most disingenuous excuse for armaments that I have yet come across. Does Mr. Hollis, who is in general well informed, really think that Britain and France, which would not run the risk of fighting for a fortified frontier which the Czechs were anxious to defend, will now go and fight for an open frontier which the Germans made to suit themselves.

Mr. Hollis wants a Four Power Pact, but not, he says, against Russia. He wants the rest of Europe to be strong enough to stand up to Russia, which he thinks will soon be the overwhelming force needing to be curbed. If the West is weak and divided, Russia

> will use her power for aggression against it. If there should be another European war in the near future, it matters little who is its victor. For there will certainly be a further war in which that victor will in his turn be vanquished by renascent Russia. The Gadarene swine are jostling one another for the first place in the queue. It is folly to ask of our tugs o' war whether Germany or Italy or England or France has won. If there is peace, all have won. If there is war, all have lost.

This puts Mr. Hollis's view very neatly. The worst disaster would be the triumph of the forces represented by Socialist Russia. If Germany is sensible and will behave as a good " Western " nation, all may yet be well. This is precisely the reverse of the Communist view that the worst disaster is the triumph with or without war of Fascism while the hope, in any case, lies in the spread of the Bolshevik faith. Analysed, it will be seen that Mr. Hollis's philosophy is more influenced by class and property than he thinks, for the paganism of Germany repudiates the values and ethics and the whole basis of Christianity. It extols violence as an end in itself and execrates the Christian virtues as evil. Bolshevism, on the other hand, aims, in theory at least, at peace and equality, even though it holds that these can only come after a final struggle with the bourgeoisie. As Mr. E. M. Forster once remarked, Communism does evil that good may come, while Fascism does evil in pursuit of evil ends. If Mr. Hollis inquires more closely he will find, perhaps to his discomfort, for he is an honest, if simple man, that the philosophy of Lenin had certain elements in common with that of Christ, while to the mind revealed in *Mein Kampf* the Christian is a degenerate pervert to be trampled in the dust by the Nordic paganism of the future.

TOM PAINE

CHINA'S STRUGGLE

North China Front. By JAMES BERTRAM. *Macmillan.* 15s.

In the present struggle between Japan and China the writings of those who have been on the spot and seen it for themselves are specially valuable. Unfortunately these are very few. China's own domestic struggle was neglected for ten years. The story of the march which began in Fukien and ended in Sian will never be adequately told, though Agnes Smedley and Edgar Snow have rescued bits of it. When it ended, the Japanese determined that it was time to strike, for the Kuomintang had refused their help in crushing the Communists and had instead decided to co-operate with the Communists in presenting a united front against Japan.

Mr. Bertram was in Japan (on a trip from China) when the war actually began. He apparently fell into the hands of that funny little immigration man at Shimonoseki, whose interminable English chatter so delays one's landing—but surely there was no bowl of chrysanthemums in June and the little man did not chatter about them—perhaps it was peonies; it was not till Mr. Bertram got back to the Chinese front that we got over this unfortunate introduction. Back in the land that he knew much better, however (for he caught what was probably the last ordinary passenger boat to Tientsin) he soon becomes intensely interesting, and remains so. China's united front had not yet had time to organise itself when the blow came, and Peiping and the whole North collapsed miserably, through its ancient malady, hopelessly incompetent leadership, under which brave and sturdy men could do nothing.

So Mr. Bertram made his way, with difficulties of which he gives a lively description, back to Tientsin. Here he saw a bit of the war, conducted as Japan conducts war in China. A crowd of young university men and women inadequately disguised in country clothes, he saw marched off by the Japanese soldiers. " We felt sorry for the girls," he says. The men had only to be shot, and that is one of the easiest ways to cease living. The girls had much worse things to go through before they could die. There was also the sight of peasants being compelled to cut down their growing millet crops so that the fields should hide no snipers who might shoot the invaders. Thousands must starve as a result of this precaution, but that is " military necessity." By sea he went to Tsingtao, and then the long journey to Sian and Yenan, where Mrs. Edgar Snow (Nym Wales), whose story, when it appears, will be a valuable contribution to an epic too big for one man to tell, had been before him.

Yenan has been the great training place for the Eighth Route Army—for the united front has been united mainly in its resistance to the Japanese. The Communists, who had been fighting the Kuomintang for ten years, and later took the name of the Eighth Route Army, have done most of their fighting separately, and, under that soldier of genius Chu Teh, develop a new style of fighting, which makes the Japanese dread hill warfare, but which, after all, is not much good on the plains. On the plains Mr. Bertram describes how the Japanese surround a village or town on three sides and bombard it till the inhabitants flee into the open on the fourth side—only to be massacred in a Japanese ambush carefully prepared. This is a strategy in which the Japanese became expert in Manchuria in 1931-32.

Up and down Shansi he went with the guerrilla forces, and took long notes of what the leaders had to say on the subject of Chinese Communist ideals and on the necessity of fighting Japan to the last and their confidence in a final success, especially, of course, the discourses of Mao Tse-tung, the " Lenin of China." He, apparently, comes from Hunan. The militant Communist movement really began in Fukien and Kiangsi, and it is difficult to discover just what is the composition of the Eighth Route Army—a point of some little importance, for the Southerners have always been most " political," while the Northerners are the more robust—except their leaders, who the Japanese have made it their business to see are morphia-sodden as often as they can contrive it—and the two differ so much in speech as to find it difficult to communicate. One might say that the Eighth Route Army's chief service has been in killing Japanese, and the Central Government's armies' has been dying in masses to check the invaders' advance. There may be some unification of language as a result of the war—but that is another story.

Before Hankow fell, Mr. Bertram came down to that war capital, and thence by train to Canton and Hong Kong. Before leaving Hankow he visited Chou En-lai, one of the Communist leaders, who said, on the subject of the " democratic " Powers' (who strangely coincide with the " capitalist " Powers) failure to assist

VITAL BOOKS

Outstanding publications of interest to every adult are described in this announcement. On such subjects as Physiology, Sociology, Psychology, Mental Training, Art, and Health Preservation, we offer a wide range of standard works of high Educational and instructive value. It is only possible in this advertisement to briefly mention a few of the most popular titles, but we shall be pleased to send our complete catalogues on request.

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Over 100,000 sold. This volume is full of sane information. Dr. Norman Haire says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available in English" **6/4**

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. This work deals in comprehensive manner with the whole subject. It is a necessary book for the married and for those contemplating marriage **6/4**

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" **5/4**

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By D. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information **8/-**

LIFE LONG LOVE. Healthy Sex and Marriage. By R. MACANDREW. The "New Statesman" says: "Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. . . . It should prove a very useful text book for those who are confronted with the difficulties with which it deals. . . ." Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch says: "The author has handled his subject clearly and well." **4/10**

EUGENICS AND SEX HARMONY. By HERMAN H. RUBIN, M.D. A Guide to correct Sex Practices and a complete Health Manual. 106 graphic illustrations ... **13/6**

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX. By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. With Illustrations. Written by a young medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynæcology, this new book is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. No other book at a similar price is as all embrasive. It is, in short, the complete manual **4/10**

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. Fully illustrated. Vol. I. The most comprehensive work of its kind ever published in England. Every conceivable subject within its title is dealt with **13/-**

These books are sold to adults only. Please state age when ordering.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. By W. M. GALLICHAN. A popular book of guidance for young people **2/9**

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. By D. MURRAY DAVY. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people **1/2**

KNOW THY BODY—THE WONDERS WITHIN US. By MEDICUS, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. (4th Edition). Everyman's Book of Anatomy. The most entertaining physiological book ever written. Each chapter tells an amazing story, each sentence is pregnant with interest ... **3/10**

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author is the leading exponent of the new Biotherapy system, and in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of this revolutionary treatment and its application to Heart Diseases **3/10**

NAKED AND UNASHAMED. By WILLIAM WELBY (6th Edition). Treating the subject of Nudism from the Historical, Moral, Health, Physiological, Aesthetic and Commonsense points of view. Beautifully illustrated ... **3/10**

IT'S ONLY NATURAL.—The Philosophy of Nudism. By WM. WELBY. Fully illustrated. In this book the Author explains the growth of the movement and shows the reasons of its appeal to people of a high intellectual standard **3/10**

HIGHLIGHTS AND SHADOWS. Edited by ARNOLD GENTHE. More than 100 Exquisite Photographs. The Editor has collected from the world's leading photographers their most beautiful studies to complete this work of Art. Bound in a luxurious volume, printed by the special gravure process with a translucent cover (never before used on a book) it has a special appeal to art lovers and students and is invaluable to photographers because complete technical data is included. "Health and Efficiency" says: "This is a publication of extraordinarily artistic merit." **11/-**

MEMORY EFFICIENCY: HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. **3/10**

HYPNOTISM MADE PRACTICAL. By J. LOUIS ORTON. A new book wherein is described How to Induce Hypnosis—its Beneficial and Curative Value, Medically, Educationally and Socially **3/10**

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The Author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book **3/10**

VOICE CULTURE MADE EASY. By J. L. ORTON. A book for all who desire to improve their voice—for Singers—Lecturers—Actors and Actresses—Salesmen and Public Speakers; in fact, for all who have occasion to use their voice **3/10**

HOW TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM ... ...
HOW TO CONQUER CONSTIPATION ... ...
HOW TO ADJUST YOUR WEIGHT ... ...
HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES
HOW TO CURE RUPTURE — THE CURE OF INDIGESTION
HOW TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH ... ...
WHAT TO EAT FOR HEALTH ... ... **Each Vol. 1/2 Post Paid**

Eight practical books by well-known practitioners wherein the natural treatment is plainly set out.
The adoption of this treatment cannot fail to bring relief.

All Prices include Postage. These books can be obtained through your bookseller or direct from

THORSONS, Publishers
Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Show Room—32, St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

Enjoy a HOLIDAY in peaceful Switzerland as a member of

The Anglo-Swiss Travellers' Club

Travel in comfort by the **Short Sea Route and 2nd Class on Normal Express Services.** Stay at good Hotels. The Anglo-Swiss Travellers' Club, the non-profit-seeking holiday organisation, enables its Members to enjoy these advantages at economical cost. The Club arranges **Group Holidays** in 26 picked Centres, or **Personal Holidays** with individual travel anywhere in Switzerland. It puts its Members in possession of the fullest possible information concerning the centres visited, so that they miss nothing of interest, and provides organised excursion facilities in a most economical way through its non-profit-seeking character and its extensive connections in Switzerland.

Write for the CLUB'S Illustrated Handbook No. 28

SWITZERLAND

To: **THE ANGLO-SWISS TRAVELLERS' CLUB Ltd.**
PICCADILLY HOUSE, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER, I.
'Phone Blackfriars 4439.

Please send me free Handbook No. 28.

Name ....

Address ....

....

London Office: DORLAND HOUSE, 14/16 REGENT ST., S.W.1
'Phone Whitehall 6988-9.

THE PETITION RALLY
AT THE
EMPRESS HALL

Chairman: THE RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN

SPEAKERS:

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

ANEURIN BEVAN **SIDNEY ELLIOTT**
G. R. STRAUSS **TED WILLIS**

SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 7 p.m.

BOOK NOW
TICKETS 2/6 & 1/-

APPLY:
MEETINGS DEPT.
THE PETITION COMMITTEE
CLIFFORDS INN, E.C.4

LET US PILOT YOU TO SUCCESS

MATRICULATION . . . "INTER." . . . FINALS B.A., B.Sc., or B.Com., and ALL PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Mass-produced printed lesson notes and exercises assume that the difficulties of one are the difficulties of all. Wyncott College Courses are prepared separately for every student under the direction of his personal tutor.

THE RESULT:—99% CERTIFIED SUCCESSES

Matriculation Fee £4 15s. **Intermediate £10 10s.**

ARE YOU WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF LONDON?
Visiting Tutors cover this area to give that personal coaching which halves the time of study.
Let us hear of your Examination Problem.

THE DIRECTOR OF COACHING,
"WYNCOTT COLLEGE," THORNTON HEATH, CROYDON
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

China, because they more than half believe the Japanese nonsense about Chinese Communism:

> We are not opportunists. We believe that China must continue for a long time in her fight against Japanese imperialism before she is successful: in this period it is very important for us to have every possible assistance from the democratic foreign Powers. And if in the end we do gain the victory, we shall need all the more their economic and technical assistance to rebuild China after the war. Any questions that are still outstanding, such as extraterritoriality and the unequal treaties, can then be settled by peaceful agreement. We shall continue to welcome foreign capital investment and foreign enterprise in China.

In Yenan the accent was much more on the portraits of Lenin and Stalin on the wall and the pure milk of the word of Bolshevism. After all, the views of Chou En-lai, as quoted, are much the same as swayed General Chiang Kai-shek when he decided on the "purge" because the Communists would not accept them.

Mr. Bertram touched at the Japanese ports on his way back, and his Liberal Japanese friends wept in the usual nauseating way about the war and how there would not be any if they could help it. It is always the same. Dr. Nitobe, that eminent Quaker, went to America to plead in public for Japanese militarism and to deplore it in private. They all do it—it is apparently a part of the obligation of patriotism. The only ones who stand by their principles are the young Japanese Communists. This means martyrdom sometimes in spite of recantation under torture. But Mr. Bertram seemed to take the Liberal tears at their face value.

A. MORGAN YOUNG

Aristotle, On the Heavens, translated by W. K. C. GUTHRIE; **Dio Chrysostom, Vol. II,** translated by J. W. COHOON; **Diodorus Siculus, Vol. III,** translated by C. H. OLDFATHER; **Demosthenes,** Private Orations, II, translated by A. T. MURRAY. (Loeb Classical Library. *Heinemann.* 10s. each, cloth, 12s. 6d. leather.)

These four new "Loebs," all Greek, maintain the high standard of the series, and each has its own special interest. Demosthenes needs no bush, though these particular orations are not his most famous vintages. Diodorus, in the third of his twelve volumes, is pleasant anecdotal guide-book stuff. Dio's "Discourses" cover a variety of topics—from religious beliefs to public speaking, from slavery to beauty. Aristotle's *De Caelo* is tough meat for the ordinary reader; but for the learned this edition by Mr. Guthrie, of Peterhouse, will stand out as an exceptionally scholarly work.

The London Mercury, March. Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

During the last two years the *London Mercury* has published a number of Yeats's poems and this "Yeats Number" contains four more poems, and articles by R. A. Scott-James, H. W. Nevinson and J. M. Hone. The poems are admirable examples of his later style, passionate and detached, and finding in youth and art realities to set against a sinking world.

As though a sterner eye looked through her eye
On this foul world in its decline and fall;
On gangling stocks grown great, great stocks run dry,
Ancestral pearls all pitched into a stye . . .

At a time when so much of the poetry written is lazily or automatically pessimistic, Yeats's pessimism has an extraordinary dignity and authority. Yeats believed in an aristocracy of art. His later work has influenced, curiously enough, a school of writers diametrically opposed to him in political thought, opposed even to his attitude towards poetry. Mr. Scott-James quotes a recent conversation in the course of which Yeats remarked: "To me it is a fundamental defect in modern art that it too much provokes to thought; classical art engenders feeling." But the most interesting of the three articles in the *Mercury* is Mr. J. M. Hone's "Yeats as political philosopher," if only because that is the side of Yeats which most of the obituaries missed and which English readers know least of. His political philosophy was based on Swift, Burke and Berkeley; he even "read Marx as preaching a return to a primeval State, so that a new civilisation might arise with its One, its Few and its Many." Mr. Hone ends by defining Yeats as a Whig, "if the Whig is for the exceptional man and the Tory for the common or natural man (so long as he is kept in his place)."

This issue of the *Mercury* contains also the usual reviews, stories, poems, and a constructive article by Mr. R. C. K. Ensor on camps and billeting in case of war.

Week-end Competitions

No. 470

Set by T. W. Earp

A, with a last-minute excuse, cancelled his acceptance of the Bs' invitation to stay with them for Easter. The Bs' discover that he did so in order to stay with friends richer and of more social eminence. The usual prizes are offered for the best letter of explanation from A. Entries should not exceed 300 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Mar. 10th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 468

Set by Graham Bell

More use might be made these days of the parody in propaganda. One can imagine a telling ballad on the lines of John Gilpin beginning with "Franco was a gentleman." Or another with "What shall we do with the starving Spaniards," or "How pleasant to know Dr. Funk." A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for topical parodies on similar lines. They should not run to more than 16 lines.

Report by Graham Bell

There was an enormous entry. Many which would at other times have won do not even get the honourable mentions they deserve. Entries were judged, not only on their quality as parodies, but also on their fitness for the purpose. One competitor wrote against propaganda. One was against the people who refused crisis billeting, another for those unpublicised figures who did not. Two were against Stalin, one of which seemed to identify "Capital" with the "Cross" (of Jesus?). Two were against Lloyd George. Sir Samuel Hoare's Prison Reform Bill came in for the most violent treatment (worthy of the eighteenth century):

So now, whilst Bullies, Thugs and Pimps exult from North to South,
Here's every British Warder's hand flatheeled across your mouth.
(C. A. FURBANK.)

Six were in favour of Stafford Cripps (who appeared as Lochinvar in one). A dozen dealt with unemployment.

I thank whatever God there be
I am not starving on the dole. (S. H. FINDLAY.)

Then be not glum, make pools your pride
And while ye may, be merry,
While under-nourished children glide
Toward the Stygian ferry. (T. J. HUNT.)

Shout, shout, shout,
Does the too ernest Brown in glee,
But all that he ever doth utter
Is merely a noise to me. (NO WORK.)

Adolf Hitler and his speeches inspired a few:

What man is free from this revolting sound? (BASIL RIDER.)

Who killed Czecho-Slovakia?
"I" said the Führer,
"With Mein little Kampf." (B. P.)

Franco is celebrated:

Who is Franco? What is he?
That England now commends him;
Holy, good and wise, is he?
The heaven, t'would seem, attends him
That he might dictator be. (C.V.R.)

O Franco was a gentleman
(As blimps define such people),
And when a church impeded him
He blew away the steeple. (GUY INNES.)

Malcolm MacDonald got a nursery rhyme:

Blah, Blah, Malcolm,
Any ridicule?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three rooms full!
One's full of Arabs,
And one's full of Jews,
And one's full of journalists,
Waiting for the news. (STANLEY D. NISBET.)

But the main body of entries revolved round Mr. Chamberlain and A.R.P.

The Prime Minister received an epitaph:

I strove with none for what had I to gain,
Plaudits I sought and after Munich found,
I warmed both hands before the fire of Spain,
It sinks and I have won another round.
(E. E. T. HAYWARD.)

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO.	**Gas Light.**	Tues. & Sat.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats.
COMEDY.	**Room for Two.**	Tues. & Sat.
DUCHESS.	**The Corn is Green.**	W., S., 2.30
DUKE OF YORKS.	**Nora.**	Tues., Sat.
GARRICK.	**The Mother.**	Thur., Sat.
KINGSWAY.	**To Love & To Cherish.**	Tu., Sat.
MERCURY.	**The Playboy.**	Sat. & Fri., Mar. 10.
NEW.	**Johnson Over Jordan.**	Wed., Sat.
PALACE.	**Under Your Hat.**	Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES.	**Geneva.**	Wed. & Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	**When We are Married.**	Tu., Fr.
SAVILLE.	**Worth a Million.**	Thurs. & Sat.
STRAND.	**Little Ladyship.**	Thurs., Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	**Doctor's Dilemma.**	W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Quiet Wedding.**	Wed. & Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

2d. 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) *6d.* to *7s. 6d.*

Tues.,	Mar. 7th, 8.30.	BALLET—LES SYLPHIDES, BARABAU, HOROSCOPE.
Wed.,	Mar. 8th, 7.45.	DER ROSENKAVALIER (Richard Strauss). First performance by the Company.
Thurs.,	Mar. 9th, 8.30.	BALLET — THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, GISELLE.
Fri.,	Mar. 10th, 8.0.	IL TROVATORE.
Sat.,	Mar. 11th, 2.30.	FAUST with full Ballet.
Sat.,	Mar. 11th, 7.45.	DER ROSENKAVALIER.

THEATRES

APOLLO. (GERrard 2663)
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Sat., 2.30
GAS LIGHT
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Sat., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDYKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORKS. Tem. 5122. 8.30. Tu., Sat., 2.30
LUCIE MANNHEIM in
NORA (A Doll's House). Last 2 Weeks.
AUSTIN TREVOR. JOHN ABOTT.
Produced by MARIUS GORING.

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601). Evgs., 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30
LOUISE HAMPTON
in **THE MOTHER**
KAREL CAPEK'S LAST PLAY.

KINGSWAY (Hol. 5642). 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH
By MICHAEL EGAN
(Author of "The Dominant Sex").

MERCURY, Ladbroke Rd. Evgs., 8.45. F., S., 2.30
THE PLAYBOY of the **Western World.**
J. M. SYNGE'S MASTERPIECE.
50th Perf. March 13th. (Park 5700.)

NEW (Tem. 3878). Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30
RALPH RICHARDSON, EDNA BEST in
JOHNSON OVER JORDAN
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) *6d.* to *7s. 6d.*
Evenings (except Mondays) at 8.
Mats.: Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.
AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE (Ibsen)
in a new translation by NORMAN GINSBURY.
ROGER LIVESEY. EDWARD CHAPMAN.
URSULA JEANS. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON.
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.

SERVICE
IN LIFE AND WORK

Spring: 1939

Contributors include

Earl Baldwin of Bewdley
An Address on "Democracy"
Sir Edward Grigg
"National Service"
J. B. S. Haldane
"Organize Real Precautions?"
Arthur Newell
"Common Ground for Peace"
T. A. Warren
"Youth-Training for Democracy"
Professor John Hilton
"Industrial Notes"

A non-political, non-sectarian, quarterly review of social, industrial, economic, and international affairs for service-minded people.

Postal subscription: 2/6 per annum
Or, through your bookseller, 6d. per issue

For a free specimen copy apply to
SERVICE IN LIFE AND WORK,
Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

PALACE. Ger. 6834. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES. (Whi. 3903.) Evenings at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S play of the moment
GENEVA

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED
By J. B. PRIESTLEY.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. Evgs., 8.30, Thur., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN, CLAUDE HULBERT in
WORTH A MILLION
A Farce in 3 Acts by Vernon Sylvaine

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
LILLI PALMER & CECIL PARKER in
LITTLE LADYSHIP by IAN HAY.
with JOAN WHITE.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
". . . a cure for despondency."—*New Statesman.*
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Seats: 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE.
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES.
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF THE LAMBETH WALK. SECOND YEAR

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6 to 2/6, bkle.
Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Until March 18th)
BERNARD SHAW'S
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
"The Best Comedy in Town."—*The Observer.*
"Beautifully and Expressively Done."—*Sunday Times.*

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028 & 9.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LOHR.

REPERTORY THEATRES

LIVERPOOL. Evgs., 7.45. **The Playhouse**
I Have Been Here Before
J. B. PRIESTLEY.

CROYDON REPERTORY. (Croydon 6001)
March 6th. Evg., 8. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30, 5 p.m.
George and Margaret. GERALD SAVORY.

VARIETY

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161
March 6th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Darmora Ballet; Jeanne de Casalis; Marie Burke; Ronald Frankau; Tommy Handley; Murgatroyd & Winterbottom; Ken Harvey; Ballard & Rae; Max & His Gang, &c.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
JEAN GABIN and MICHELE MORGAN
in **Quai des Brumes** (A)
(Quay of Shadows)
Also *CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT* (A)

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505
CONRAD VEIDT and FRANCOISE ROSAY
in a strange and historic drama
"LE JOUEUR D'ECHECS" (A)
(The Chess Player).

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, MARCH 6th, for SEVEN DAYS
THE MARX BROTHERS in
DUCK SOUP (U)
CLAUD RAINS in
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (A)

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Commencing Monday, March 6th, 10 a.m.
"SECRETS OF A NURSE" (A) with
EDMUND LOWE, HELEN MACK, DICK FORAN.
Also **"EXPOSED"** (A)

EXHIBITION

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10-6.
(1) Recent Paintings by C. R. W. NEVINSON.
(2) New Paintings by GILBERT SPENCER.
(3) Paintings and Drawings by MARIETTE LYDIS.
(4) Drawings by MERVYN PEAKE.

DANCES

FRIDAY, MARCH 24th
DANCE IN AID OF THE CECILE BOOYSEN CLINIC
AT NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES.
From Nine till Two. **Bar.** Dress optional. Tickets 5s., from TESSA VAN SOMEREN, 25 Whitehall Park, N.19, or at the door.

FRIDAY, 10th (7.30-12). FIESTA at Seymour Hall, W.1. Dancing with Band presented by Jack Hylton. Something new in Cabaret. Compère: J. Langdon-Davies. Tickets: Collet's; Workers' Bookshops; or Mrs. Brown, 12 High Point, N.6. *2s. 6d.* until Tuesday; then *3s. 6d.* Funds to London Foodships. Answer "recognition" by supporting!

RESTAURANTS

WE cook as well as he thinks his mother did. RULES Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

FOR THE TABLE

PURCHASE MONEY RETURNED in full if satisfaction not given. CARWARDINE'S CHALLENGE TEA, every leaf guaranteed choice Indian and Ceylon tea, *2s. 2d.* per lb.; 6 lbs. post paid, *13s.* STEPHEN CARWARDINE & CO., LTD., Tea Blenders (since 1777), 4/5 Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EMPIRE COFFEE.—3lbs. finest Kenya Coffee, freshly roasted, berry or ground, for *5s. 6d.*, post paid in United Kingdom.—Write RALPH RICHARDSON, Coffee Planter, Coffee Depot, Ware, Herts.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom) Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 339

A requiem:

Fear no more the unfriendly fun
Nor the Opposition's rages;
Thou thy peaceful task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Dole line lads and lasses must
Like cement blocks be bombed to dust.
(W. RODGERS.)

He figures in an adaptation of the psalm:

Thou hast covered my head with a gas mask that
Hitler's joy might be full,
But thy non-intervention shall follow me
All the days of my life
That I may dwell in a bomb-proof house for ever.
(GERALD IRVINE.)

A.R.P. is the subject of a Walt Disney parody with the refrain "Who's afraid of the big black bombs."

The waterlogged ditches appear frequently:

Come swim with me on Primrose Hill
. . . to paddle in the bombproof tide
The thoughtful government provide. (B. POOL.)

Under a wide and starry sky
Trust in a trench while planes go by. (CANDIDA.)

Also other remedies:

When I'm bombed
Don't shelter me at all,
Just hand me a spade
As incendiaries fall,
Put a bucket of sand
Not far away,
And then I'll know
My death's O.K. (B. POOL.)

I recommend the prize be divided among the following: (Will the author of "God rest ye merry," please send name and address?):

AFTER MUNICH

It was a summer evening,
Old Neville's work was done,
And he, safe home from Germany,
Was basking in the sun;
While round him, weaving nettle-chains,
Knelt all the little Chamberlains.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Duffikin he cries;
And all the ministers look up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"And what you flew to Munich for,
And what you've brought instead of war."

"I put on wings," old Neville cried,
"I saved the peace from rout:
Instead of handing in our checks,
I simply sold them out;
And all right-thinking men," quoth he,
"Say 'twas a famous victory." (GEORGE T. HOUSTON.)

ADVICE TO A PREMIER

If you can keep your cash when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you remain in power though all men doubt you
—Not only Reds, but your supporters too;

If you can say that Peace is what you're after
And when they ask you what the guns are for
If you can answer (Ministerial laughter)
"Hark at the Socialists who screamed for war!"

If, when the whole world tensed for war is waiting
To learn which course your country means to steer;
If you can take six months or longer stating
You really haven't got the least idea;

If with soft words, and phrases old and Hoare-y,
You dupe your country and betray her friends,
Yours shall be power, and yours a few years' glory;
And, what is more, you'll get your dividends.
CELIA FREMLIN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
The bombs that smash Valencia
Are many miles away.
So why should we have A.R.P.?
We'd only have to pay!
Oh, what tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Oh, what tidings of comfort and joy!

We've sold the Czechs to save our necks,
We've given Musso Spain,
And now that Hitler's signed a pledge
You may sleep sound again.
And, after all you've got your mask
And strips of cellophane!

Rock a bye, baby,
On the Means Test.
How the wind blows
Through your cotton vest!

Till the dole ends
The cradle's in pawn.
Newspaper round you
Since you were born.

Father will feed you
When his pool wins.
Now Uncle Ern
Feeds you and the twins.

When the Spring comes
The twins down will fall
They will have rickets,
Baby and all.

I. F. PARRY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 322.—OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS

"Can you help me," writes Betwell, "to frame a book for our Snooker tournament? I want to know what are the respective chances of winning of the five chaps who have entered.

"The tournament is on a knock-out basis, so in the first round there is only one match. Then there will be a semi-final and a final.

"Who plays whom will in each case be decided by lot.

"We have weighed up the chances of the competitors in matches with one another. Here is a summary of them:

Chalke	v.	*Potteblack*	2 *to* 1 *on Chalke*
,,	v.	*Pinkie*	3 ,, 1 ,, ,,
,,	v.	*Kisse-Cannon*	4 ,, 1 ,, ,,
,,	v.	*Hazard*	5 ,, 1 ,, ,,
Potteblack	v.	*Pinkie*	2 ,, 1 ,, *Potteblack*
,,	v.	*Kisse-Cannon*	3 ,, 1 ,, ,,
,,	v.	*Hazard*	4 ,, 1 ,, ,,
Pinkie	v.	*Kisse-Cannon*	2 ,, 1 ,, *Pinkie*
,,	v.	*Hazard*	3 ,, 1 ,, ,,
Kisse-Cannon	v.	*Hazard*	2 ,, 1 ,, *Hazard*

"Working on these assumptions, our tame mathematician, Todd-Hunter, has deduced that the respective chances are:

Chalke	14/40
Potteblack	10/40
Pinkie	7/40
Kisse-Cannon	5/40
Hazard	4/40

"But somehow this seems to me not right. Can you enlighten me?"

What should I reply?

PROBLEM 320.—HIS OWN INVENTION

Solution by Andrew M'Intyre

Obviously 26 primes from 1 to 100; limit suggested by fact that the numbers "don't want too many figures."

MUNICH AFTERMATH
R. W. SETON-WATSON. Munich and the Dictators. 5/-
(*author of* Britain and the Dictators. 12/6)
DOUGLAS REED. Disgrace Abounding. 10/6
(*author of* Insanity Fair. 10/6)
F. A. VOIGT. Munich and After. 10/-
(*author of* Unto Cæsar. 10/-)
GRAHAM HUTTON. Danubian Destiny. 7/6
J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
Booksellers since 1790.
477 OXFORD ST., W.1

Plebs
Fascism and Imperialism—What Many Socialists Fail to See. This Striking article by
J. F. HORRABIN
appears in the March issue of *Plebs.*
3d. (4d. post free); 4/- per year.
N.C.L.C. PUBLISHING SOCIETY LTD.
(*Publishers for the National Council of Labour Colleges*)
15, South Hill Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD.,
St. George's House,
193 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly: with dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely board-residence. Two guineas weekly. Ideal quiet holiday or convalescence. Bracing but mild, maximum sunshine. York House 29 Cantelupe Road.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

IF you like Devonshire with its lanes and red soil at this time of year, stay at Huntly, Bishopsteignton, nr. Teignmouth. The hotel of character. Reduced Winter terms.

SEAFORD. Miss Mitchell, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

ENGLISH LAKES. Reduced winter rates for comfortable and delightfully varied accommodation at Langdale Estate, including well-equipped furnished cottages with hot water and electric light. Squash Rackets Court. Café-Restaurant. Recreation Room. Booklet (N) from: Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Large South private sitting room available. Meals served in sitting rooms *or* dining room, no extra charge. Private bath rooms if desired. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

W. SUSSEX. XVth Cent. Guest House. Warm, comfortable. Downs, ideal walking centre. Allum, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 220.)

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful Guest House in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk, good chef. Special terms for Winter. Phone: Nutley 96.

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ guineas weekly.

EASTER. Vacancy for two sharing. Superior Country residence; every modern comfort. Home produce, excellent cooking. Highly recommended. Inclusive terms 42*s.* weekly. "The Chase," Albourne. Tel.: Hurstpierpoint 2165.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

AUGUST. Cornwall, wanted at modertae rent, comfortable furnished house. Sleep seven. Very quiet position essential, near sea and golf. Comfortable beds. Box 4208.

SPECIAL off-season terms, simple comfort, good cooking in secluded house overlooking sea. Jackson, Westhill House, Hastings.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como, St. Luke's Road. Lovely sea views; h. and c. in bedrooms; garage; table tennis. Terms: 2 *gns.* weekly.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4110.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

KENT. Primrose country. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. Mrs. Mills, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

SOMERFIELD COURT, Sellindge, Kent. Ideal for Spring holiday. Delightful country, invigorating air. Near Hythe, Folkestone; 250 acres. Good food, good beds. 10*s.* 6*d.* p.d.; 2½–3 *gns.* p.w. 'Phone: 87.

NEW FOREST. Spend a pleasant Easter in a friendly atmosphere. Glorious country. Tennis and riding available. Mr. Leonard, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge. Telephone: 2168.

EASTBOURNE. "Mona House," Compton Street. Small comf. pte. hotel. Two mins. sea. Devonshire Pk. Excellent cuisine, service. Mod. inc. terms. Matthews. 'Phone: 2597.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3½ *gns.* Considerable winter reduction on application. Resident Director: Mrs. Harrison.

"RED TILES," Vegetarian Cottage Guest House in Sussex Weald. 65 High Street, Three Bridges.

NORFOLK for convalescence and holidays. LIBRA provides special comforts and facilities, including excellent vegetarian diet. Interesting illustrated booklet free on request, Mrs. Jewson, Libra, Dereham, Norfolk, 'Phone: Gressenhall 221.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 guineas.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply Manager.

CORNWALL. Come to Barnoon End, St. Ives, for Easter. Quiet, lovely views, every comfort, Central. 'Phone 488. From 2 *gns.*

XVIth-CENTURY Cottage Guest House. Beautiful country. Near sea. Neale, Loders, Bridport.

DELIGHTFUL walking tours this Easter in Derbyshire and Wye Valley. Particulars L.L.S.A., 338 Hackney Road, E.2.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply Mrs. Priestley, Raghery House.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

DONEGAL. Glenbay Hotel, Malinmore. Bracing sea and mountain air. Unrivalled cliffs. Good bathing. Fishing. Excellent cuisine. Apply Cunningham.

EASTER HOLIDAYS for BOYS and GIRLS at the CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, N. Devon.

ISLAND OFF IRISH WEST COAST.
Magnificent Scenery. Mild climate.
Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island.
Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by Mountains.
Good food, comfortable beds. Hot and cold water.
Turf fires.
Terms £2 10*s.* to £3 10*s.* weekly.
Write Miss T. Blackham, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

PERSONAL service for visitors to New York World's Fair: meeting at pier; guidance and advice regarding hotels, lodgings, restaurants, taxis, sightseeing, tours, etc. Folder on request. References. Address: Fair Service, 247 82nd Street, Brooklyn, New York.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word * for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first.) Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions—Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD; Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

HIGH ALPINE SKI-ING, EASTER. SAAS-FEE (6,000 feet) and BRITANNIA HUT (9,000 feet). Beginners and experts are invited to join small party. Two private mountain guides. 16 *gns.* for 13 days, all inclusive. Write Box 4228.

PRIVATE ski-ing party to Val D'Isere, Savoie (6,100 feet), Easter, invites beginners and experts. First-class hotel, expert arrangement, reliable snow. 15 days 15 *gns.* All inclusive. Box 4251.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s.* 6*d.* nightly with breakfast, from 23*s.* 6*d.* weekly.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25*s.* Bed-B'fast. 37*s.* 6*d.* part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18*s.* 6*d.* BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c., from 12*s.* 6*d.* Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

WOMAN graduate wishes to let furnished room in self-contained flat, April 15th, five weeks, £1. Strange, 26b, Newton Road, W.2.

OPENING to-day nr. Swiss Cottage. For exceptionally tasteful rooms, considerate service, meals worth coming home for ring MAI. 0097.

FURNISHED rooms in lady's quiet, pleasant house. Usual amenities. 18*s.* 6*d.*–32*s.* 6*d.* 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

HOLLAND PARK. Attractive divan rooms, h. & c., from 21*s.* Meals optional. 1 min. tube and bus. 15 Clarendon Rd., W.11. Park 4835.

HENDON, nr. bus and Tube, charming sunny bed-sitting room (suit girl at business, or student). Private modern house, phone and radio. Very moderate terms, for bed and breakfast, or all inclusive (Vegetarian). Box 4190.

TWO sunny rooms to let in self-contained flat, early 19th-century Islington square. £1 per week. Further details Box 4249.

ONLY guest quiet German family, modern luxury flat; 3 min. Belsize Park Tube. Primrose 6315

SWISS COTTAGE. Woman writer offers two young business women large, sunny room, pleasant living conditions, in well-equipped house; convenient buses, trains. With breakfast, 21*s.* each. Single room, 25*s.* No extras. Garden, tennis. MAI. 1962.

LARGE divan room (use kitchen) offered man or woman (preferably interested arts) sharing expenses with others (£1 1*s.*). Studio vacant shortly. Primrose 6534. Saturday, Sunday.

SOLE Guest offered accommodation private flat, Swiss Cottage. Bed and breakfast, or partial board. Write Box 75, c/o Cowies, 17 Gresham Street, E.C.2.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.6. Large unfurnished room with kitchen in newly converted house; beautifully decorated and appointed. Large garden. Also modern furnished rooms with kitchens. All conveniences. Very moderate terms. 172 and 178 Belsize Road. MAI. 6977. (All enquiries at 172).

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast. 25*s.* Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

HOLLAND PARK. Large, bright divan rooms, overlooking garden square. From 22*s.* 6*d.* H. and c., gas fires. Park 4329.

W.C.1. For business or professional woman, pleasant, furnished room to let in modern flat. 18*s.* 6*d.* per week. Box 4221

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5*s.* 6*d.* per night. Double from 50*s.* per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

LUXURIOUS rooms, flatlets recommended, Town, Country and Suburbs. ANNE PAGE, Dorland House, 14 Lower Regent Street, S.W.1. Whitehall 3258.

CHELSEA. Oakley Court, 29 Oakley Street. Large, attractively furnished front room, h. and c., 32*s.* 6*d.* Spacious double, 21*s.* each person. Flaxman 9864.

16 DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.1. Large unfurnished room. Newly decorated. Water. Mrs. Rowan. HOL. 7535.

BLOOMSBURY. In young woman graduate's flat. Small modern bed-sitting room. Very quiet. Share kitchen, bathroom. Really hot water, light, electric iron, gas for cooking. 22*s.* 6*d.* week. Box 4239.

ATTRACTIVE modern flatlets, fitted carpets; basins, bureaux. Single, 23*s.* 6*d.*, 30*s.* Double, 38*s.* 6*d.* 45*s.* Meals optional. 134 Lexham Gardens, W.8. WEStern 4428.

AMATEUR painter wants accommodation week about Easter, hilly country where woman model available if weather bad. Box 4203.

The code can be rewritten as primes, dummy figures being denoted by 0:

43 11 13 13 23
79 02 67 17 47

Using a sliding scale of the 26 primes and the 26 letters of the alphabet, we find that the message code-word is:

JABBERWOCK.

PROBLEM 319.—THE ODDFELLOWS' BALL

I was wrong about this problem. There is no unique solution, as is shown in the following analysis by David Dempster:

It is found that there are 20 ways in which the dancers may take the floor, viz.:

Men	C	H	R	W	M
1	D	K	J	L	S
2	D	S	J	K	L
3	D	J	K	L	S
4	D	J	L	K	S
5	L	D	J	K	S
6	L	K	J	D	S
7	L	S	J	K	D
8	L	J	K	D	S
9	S	D	J	K	L
10	S	K	J	D	L
11	S	K	J	L	D
12	S	J	K	D	L
13	S	J	K	L	D
14	S	J	L	K	D
15	J	D	K	L	S
16	J	D	L	K	S
17	J	K	L	D	S
18	J	S	K	D	L
19	J	S	K	L	D
20	J	S	L	K	D

Which table may be summarised:

	C	H	R	W	M
D	4	4	x	6	6
K	x	5	7	8	x
L	4	x	5	6	5
S	6	5	x	x	9
J	6	6	8	x	x

It is evident that "C" or "H" are Turveydrop and Lochinvar.

First.—Assume C to be Turveydrop, then
S is Anne Boleyn
M is Henry VIII
and D is "the Lady in Pink."

The partners for last dance but one are:

C-J H-D { R-K W-L M-S }
{ R-L W-K M-S }

and partners for last dance are:

C-D H-J R-K W-L M-S
or C-D H-J R-L W-K M-S
C-L H-D R-J W-K M-S

From which either "H" (Lochinvar) or "R" is Joan's favourite.

Second.—Assume H to be Turveydrop
then C = Lochinvar
K = Anne Boleyn
W = Henry VIII
D or L = "Lady in Pink."

(*a*) If D is "Lady in Pink," partners for last dance but one are:

C-D H-J { R-K W-L M-S }
{ R-L W-K M-S }

and partners for last dance are:

C-J H-D R-K W-L M-S
C-D H-K R-J W-L M-S
C-J H-D R-L W-K M-S

(*b*) If L is "Lady in Pink," partners for last dance but one are:

C-L H-J R-K W-D M-S

and for last dance:

C-L H-K R-J W-D M-S

So that either "C" (Lochinvar) or "R" is Joan's favourite; and there is no unique solution.

Note.—This is a much better problem than a number of solvers imagined. There is no reason to assume (as many did) that Joan's favourite partner could not be "Young Lochinvar." CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

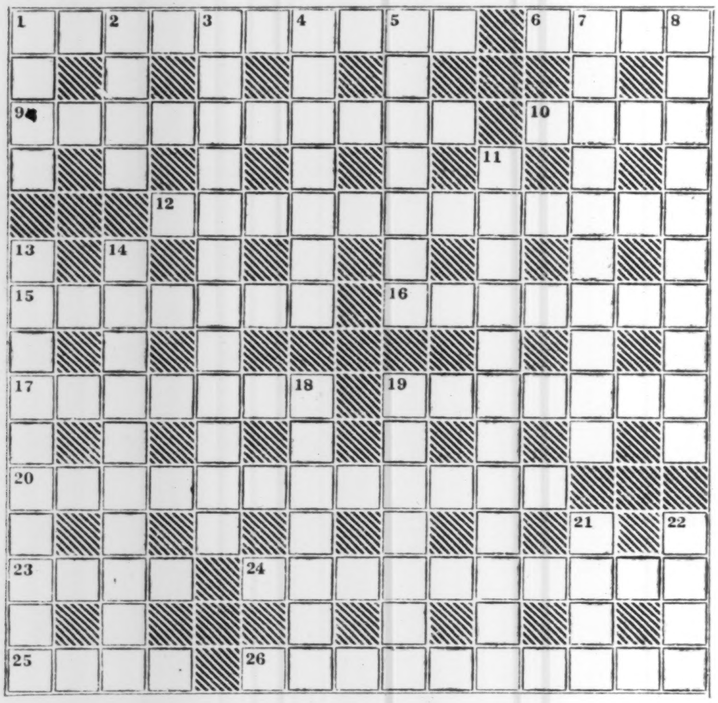
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 469

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Margaret K. Scholes, 6 Lydgate Road, Coventry

ACROSS

1. I'd treat him with a poisonous panacea. (10)
6 (rev.). A kicking horse? (4)
9. It was boxed for the troops against the first of 18. (10)
10. She'll have a copper either way. (4)
12. Candied Bill perhaps. (12)
15. It made Ada yell. (7)
16. The seer returns and is put inside. (7)
17. Prevents one from being hit sometimes, at the cost of a wetting. (7)
19. Can rope be so twisted? (7)
20. What Lord Beaverbrook travels by? (12)
23. Who does may read. (4)
24. It is often spurred on. (10)
25. Appeared in the middle of last year. (4)
26. This engineer would be a wiry man no doubt. (10)

DOWN

1. Sea horse? (4)
2. The rotten end of a raincoat. (4)
3. Tracks for training purposes. (12)
4. Where the motorist accidentally arrives perhaps. (7)
5 (rev.). One might rest on one's oars in this. (7)
7. Does not necessarily involve penal servitude. (10)
8. Of course he is over the footmen. (10)
11. It a-bounds in South Africa. (12)
13. Unfeeling way to describe stone fruit. (10)
14. First stamped out in England. (10)
18. Account of the debate? (7)
19. Hearty. (7)
21. In the palazzo I certainly never expected to find this. (4)
22 (rev.). Dead man's tale possibly. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	T	R	A	I	G	H	T	▨	A	F	R	E	S	H
T	▨	U	▨	N	▨	A	▨	▨	▨	L	▨	X	▨	A
I	N	N	O	C	E	N	T	▨	R	A	S	C	A	L
N	▨	N	▨	I	▨	D	▨	▨	▨	T	▨	I	▨	F
G	R	E	A	T	T	I	T	▨	C	R	U	T	C	H
S	▨	R	▨	E	▨	C	▨	S	▨	A	▨	I	▨	O
▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	D	R	O	P	S	C	O	N	E	S
P	▨	C	▨	T	▨	A	▨	E	▨	E	▨	G	▨	E
S	C	H	O	O	L	F	E	E	S	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨
A	▨	I	▨	R	▨	T	▨	D	▨	A	▨	C	▨	S
L	I	N	E	R	S	▨	S	T	A	M	P	O	U	T
T	▨	A	▨	E	▨	▨	▨	R	▨	O	▨	R	▨	R
E	X	T	E	N	T	▨	V	A	L	U	A	B	L	E
R	▨	E	▨	T	▨	▨	▨	C	▨	N	▨	E	▨	S
S	P	A	R	S	E	▨	S	K	I	T	T	L	E	S

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I).

The entry for the Indian Civil Service and for the Burma Civil Service (Class I) closes this year on April 11th. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21-24 on August 1st. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

INDIA OFFICE,
February, 1939

YOUNG man, enthusiastic, energetic, required by South Dorset Liberal Association as Organiser/Agent. Apply, stating salary, to HON. SECRETARY, Liberal Offices, Lower Bond Street, Weymouth.

YOUNG educated help wanted for Vegetarian guest-house. Cheerful and willing to learn. Apply Miss MITCHELL, Claremont House, Seaford.

HAMPSTEAD-GOLDERS GREEN vicinity; experienced secretary (shorthand, typing, book-keeping, telephone, etc.) seeks part-time appointment with professional man in district. Box 4198.

CHARMING cultured and capable Jewish widow German professor (49) now destitute, urgently needs job. Experienced nursing, child welfare, typing and all housework. Many references. Box 4153.

YOUNG man (24) recently completed general course at well known art school, diploma City and Guilds London Institute, seeks position, art tutor, librarian, anything, anywhere. Box 4225.

MIDDLE-AGED housekeeper will undertake charge of home for widower or bachelor or elderly couple. Experienced, excellent cook. Box 4222.

PERSONAL

REFUGEE Boy, aged 12 years, in Vienna. Will someone stand "guarantor" and take charge for six months. All relatives in England. Box 4219.

YOUNG man, public school staff, on holiday, adaptable, experienced, own car, seeks job or hospitality in return car and services, 12th to 23rd April. Box 4242.

YOUNG Austrian refugee, now in this country, would be grateful for six months' free hospitality to enable him to finish a translation holding great future prospects for him. Box 4231.

PRIVATE ski-ing party to Val d'Isere, Easter. See Holiday Suggestions.

FRENCH by experienced Licenciée (Paris). Ring Euston 3809 between 1.30 p.m. and 3 p.m.

FOR HIGH ALPINE EASTER SKI-ING SEE "HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS," page 339.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND SENSIBLE DIET.
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princess Street,
Manchester, 2.

FOREIGN ACCENT ELIMINATED. SPEECH DEFECTS CURED. PUBLIC SPEAKING, VOICE PRODUCTION. Lessons West End and Hampstead. GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M. (Elocution), 114A Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

SPRING DIETING: begin Self-Healing at once Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent.

PRICES again; my charge for a portrait is 2 *gns.*, and this includes six mounted copies, all different if you wish. For any further information, ring WEL. 4950 or write to ANTHONY PANTING at 5 Paddington Street, W.1.

DOWN South—Up North and in the Wildest West TOM LONG is known to smokers as "The Best."

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING"
Few gramophone users have time to compare all available versions of the particular works they wish to add to their collection. To help them make their choice we issue a booklet, "The Art of Record Buying," which gives the best recording of over 1,000 classical works. Send 2*d.* in stamps for a free copy. E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LIMITED, 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2. TEM. 7166-7.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8504.

FURNISHING

A NEW carpet material, hand woven in Cyprus of pure wool and flax, is very durable, reversible and half the price of Indian carpets. Send for samples to sole importer, GERALD HOLTOM, 259b, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Mus. 5119.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 339

YOU

can obtain a

DEGREE!

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. You can do all your reading for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to graduate, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

● **WRITE FOR FREE PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to the Director of Studies, Dept. VH85,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE LTD

TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37, Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence, £103 19*s.* to £110 5*s.* Fees without residence, £34 13*s.* per annum. For further information respecting Courses, Bursaries and Residence, apply to the SECRETARY.

DAVIES'S

preparation for the Administrative and Tax Inspector groups of the Civil Service.
EASTER VACATION COURSE in the compulsory subjects, March 20th to 31st. Library and other facilities in the house.
Sussex House, 1 Holland Park, W.11. Park 9871/4.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 908 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

HAMPSTEAD MUSIC SCHOOL, 153, Finchley Road, N.W.3. Co-Principals: Stewart Deas, M.A., Mus.B.(Edin.), Katherine Bird. Training in Music and Dramatic Art by expert Staff. Individual and class teaching. Conducting and orchestral practice under Stewart Deas. Prospectus and all information 'phone PRI. 5548.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT
Complete Teacher's Training for Girls
in all Branches of Physical Education,
Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

THE WHITEHALL SECRETARIAL COLLEGE,
38 Victoria Street, S.W.1. WHI 3883.
Common sense and initiative encouraged.
Modern methods. Moderate fees. Good openings
Principal, MISS E. CHYNOWETH.

TUITION

SMART leatherwork (belts, gloves, bags) taught by experienced teacher. Write for details to Box 4256.

LOANS

ADVANCES £50 upwards with or without security. Immediate and Private.
REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, London, W. Tel.: Regent 5983.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

MANUSCRIPTS quickly and accurately typed. Moderate charges. MARJORIE ABBOT, 37b St. Peter's Square, W.6. Riv. 6385.

DUPLICATING, TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, Authors' MSS., etc. Speciality Left-Wing work. Efficient service, lowest prices. ANGLO-CONTINENTAL BUREAU, 303 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 9944.

REPORTING SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting.
METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc.
All work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED,
7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163-4).

FAULTLESS TYPEWRITING. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Theses. PERFECT DUPLICATING. (School Magazines a Speciality.) TRANSLATIONS 45 Languages. MARY ABBOTT, Aldwych House, W.C.2. CHANCERY 8317 and 8674.

TYPEWRITING, LEE, Chamber of Commerce. Moderate prices, prompt delivery. Well recommended. Office address, letters received Room 19, 3. Amen Corner, E.C.4. 'Phone: City 3912.

TYPEWRITING with intelligence, care, promptitude. Moderate charges. ELSIE NEWTON, 1 Parton Street, W.C.1. HOL. 1169.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

WICKLOW, The Garden of Ireland. At Delgany, to let, attractive 5-roomed bungalow house; hot and cold water, electric light, garage and telephone; within easy reach of the sea and two golf courses. Ideal for walking or riding. Box 3972.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY. An uncommonly attractive family house on the outskirts of this pleasant little town. The accommodation comprises 2 reception rooms (drawing-room, 30 x 14); 3 double and 2 single bedrooms; 2 enclosed sleeping porches opening from dressing rooms on 1st floor. Excellent service quarters, including maids' room. Large play-room on 2nd floor. Central heating. Two garages. The house stands in beautiful matured gardens and enjoys unrestricted views over the golf course to the south-west. To be let for three years or longer if required. Full particulars from WELWYN GARDEN CITY ESTATE OFFICE, Howardsgate, Welwyn Garden City ('phone 248).

QUIETUDE without stagnation at Welwyn. This pleasant little place in "Homely Herts" is only half an hour from King's Cross, but it is a self-contained town with a life of its own. Living in Welwyn is healthier and more interesting than in a suburb, and you can rent a house from £66 per annum upwards. Or for sale, from £700 to £3,000. Attractive new illustrated folder free on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

WESTMINSTER. Small, sunny house, 2 bed., 2 bath., 2 sit.; modern heating and lighting throughout; £125 p.a.; premium £200 includes all fixtures, refrigerator, cooker, etc. Immediate possession. Tel.: Whitehall 8638, or Box 4230.

SPRING in Bucks. Cottage to let, furnished, electric light, 15*s.* weekly; four months. FRANCIS. FLA. 4133.

CORNWALL EASTER HOLIDAYS and summer months. To let furnished near Tintagel small well equipped cottage; 2 sitting rooms, 4 bedrooms, sleep 5. Bathroom, fixed basins h. & c. Electricity. Quiet, sunny garden. DR. TAYLOR, Vine House, Sevenoaks.

CORNWALL. Furnished or unfurnished, small comfortable house. Electricity. Sheltered garden. COURTIER-DUTTON, Croft, Poughill, Bude.

LADY wishes to let, furnished or unfurnished, two or three rooms, suitable for lady or two friends. Hampstead Garden Suburb, 5 minutes from Tube and buses. Write MISS HUDSON, Freelands, Runfold, Farnham, Surrey.

KENSINGTON, furnished studio flat, bedroom, bath, kitchenette, h. and c. Box 4220.

WANTED, April, 2 months or longer, furnished country cottage, 4 beds. Devon, Dorset, Hants. WYATT, 2 South Dene, Bristol 9.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particular, post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

INTRODUCE JOHN SIMON, F.R.H.S., to your garden; he understands plants, trees, lawns and soils, and as a specialist can administer to their many requirements. 525 Finchley Road, N.W.3. 'Phone: HAMpstead 1081.

FOR quick cash sale. Expert Senior gramophone with Garrard universal motor, two Expert sound boxes. All perfect condition. S/L STURGISS, Braeside, Husthwaite. Yorks.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

RISING MARKETS—IS THERE MATERIAL FOR RECOVERY ?—OIL SHARE OUTLOOK

THE advance in the stock markets was again continued this week. For the first time there were signs of something more than professional support. Insurance companies and other institutions have been picking up equity shares of the stable dividend class, such as electrical supply, tobacco and certain retail trade shares. The recovery which has been seen in these groups has now reached considerable dimensions.

	Jan. 27th Price.	Present Price.	% Rise.	Dividend %	Dividend Yield %
Imperial Tobacco . .	6⁵⁄₁₆	7¹⁄₁₆	11.9	25 net	£4 17 9
Turner and Newall	69/6	79/6	14.4	20	5 2 3
F. W. Woolworth . .	55/6	64/6	16.2	65	5 0 9
County of London	42/3	46/-	8.9	10½	4 11 3
Imperial Chemical	27/9	32/-	15.3	8½	5 8 9
Bass Ratcliff . .	109/-	124/6	14.2	25 net	5 10 9

Equally significant has been the recovery in the gilt-edged market which at first reacted unfavourably to the Chancellor's statement of the £350 millions borrowing programme. The opinion is growing that this borrowing programme can be carried out, partly by increasing the supply of Treasury Bills and partly by forcing the joint stock banks into the gilt-edged market through open market operations on the part of the Bank of England, without any appreciable rise in the rate of interest. There are grounds for believing that both the Government Departments and the joint stock banks have prepared themselves to support the gilt-edged market at the desirable moment. It is estimated that the total holdings in short and long-dated loans of the Government Departments and Pension Funds are well in excess of £1,000 millions. Even allowing for the fact that recent drains on the unemployment funds are decreasing the quantity of the Government's holdings of its own securities, the Government Departments can undertake quite a considerable manoeuvre in the gilt-edged market by switching from " shorts " to " longs." And the joint stock banks, having reduced their holdings of Government stocks last year, are the more ready to be forced into the market as buyers.

Is there sufficient substance behind the markets' cheerfulness to warrant hopes of a sustained upward movement ? So far as the political factor is concerned, the Axis Powers' diplomacy will probably be sufficiently aggressive to keep the British investing public's demand for liquidity at a level somewhat above normal. On the other hand, the City may not be unduly optimistic in cherishing, as it does, the belief that Herr Hitler is turning from the idea of a *Blitzkrieg* in the West to gradual preparations for penetration eastwards. On the assumption that there will not be a general European war this year, the outlook for British industry is reasonably favourable. The *Economist's* index of business activity in January rose by 3.5 per cent. Unless and until agricultural prices improve sufficiently to restore lost purchasing power in overseas countries, I cannot see much chance of export trade expansion; so far as our national balance of payments is concerned, we look like continuing to live on our fat to the extent of £50–100 millions a year. But at home activity is being well maintained in the consumption goods trades, while Defence expenditure of nearly £600 millions, of which £350 millions will be financed by loan, is bound to offset any conceivable decline in capital investment—e.g., house-building—on private account. The rising tendency of metal prices this week is significant.

* * *

The possibility of a real " reflationary " boom in Britain this year cannot be excluded from investment calculations ; but the stimulus of armaments expenditure is unlikely to carry economic activity back to the 1937 " peak " unless there is a corresponding business expansion in the United States. So far, 1939 has brought little positive change in the American business situation. Steel output is steady around 55 per cent. of capacity ; railway merchandise traffic shows a slight improvement ; but automobile output has seemingly out-distanced purchases, and the February figure of the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production seems unlikely to rise appreciably above the January figure of 84.9. On the other hand, it is too soon yet to measure in terms of actual business the psychological stimulus likely to be derived from the speech delivered last week by Mr. Harry Hopkins, the new Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Hopkins not merely held out hopes that " deterrent " taxes might be repealed this year and replaced by other taxes more acceptable to Wall Street ; he emphasised the Administration's desire to make a lasting peace with the utilities and to foster private capital investment in the railroads and the building industry. Enterprise in the United States appears, somewhat illogically, to be inhibited by war fears to an extent greater than is the case in this country ; but, if the Administration can restore confidence in its own attitude towards business, a revival should take shape before summer.

* * *

Oils were prominent in the recovery this week. The dividend season is not far distant and some investors are beginning to wonder whether Shell Transport will not after all maintain its final dividend at 12½ per cent. tax free. The shares had fallen to discount a reduction in the final to 10 per cent. tax free, making 17½ per cent. against 20 per cent. tax free for the year. Everything depends, in my opinion, upon the international outlook two months hence. If it is more cheerful the Shell Transport directors may ignore the fact that lower prices will be realised on their fuel oil contracts this year. In any case Shell Transport shares have fully discounted the possibilities of a dividend cut and I would sooner hold these shares than those of Trinidad Leaseholds seeing that for the current year (ending in June) this company's earnings will be adversely affected by an increase in costs and wages. In other words, a cut in the Trinidad Leaseholds dividend is at least as probable as a cut in the Shell dividend. This is how the exchange would work out :

	Price.	Dividend %	Gr. Yield %
Trinidad Leaseholds	4⅜	25	£5 17 3*
		if 22½	5 5 6*
Shell Transport and Trading	4⅜	20 net	6 6 0
		if 17½ net	5 10 3

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for Dominion income tax relief.

I fancy that investors are being rather too optimistic in expecting Burmah Oil to increase the year's distribution to 22½ per cent. The equivalent of the 1937 dividend on the increased capital is 20 per cent. and although the company's invested income will be higher this year by an amount equivalent to 2¼ per cent. on its capital, the fall in kerosene prices will probably reduce trading profits in India. On a dividend of 20 per cent. Burmah Oil at 4⁹⁄₁₆ would yield only £5 4*s*. 3*d*. per cent. On 22½ per cent. the yield would be the attractive one of £5 17*s*. 3*d*. per cent.

CUMULATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST

This Trust adds to the usual benefits of a Unit Trust the safety secured by reserve fund accumulation. It pays five-sixths of the income every half year to the unit holders and reinvests one-sixth for their benefit. By this method it gives unit holders advantages of compound interest, as the growing reserve fund increases the capital value and revenue of the Trust.

£100 invested in 1912 in the thirty-seven largest dividend-paying companies in the different fields of British Industry, and managed on the lines of this Trust, would at the end of 1937 have been worth upwards of £258. Without reserve fund accumulation it would have been worth £214.

The fund is invested in the ordinary shares of the best British industrial companies.

On the basis of current prices and distributions the anticipated yield exceeds £5 7 4 per cent. This would mean an initial distribution to unit holders at the rate of £4 9 6 per cent. gross per annum, and the allocation of the equivalent of 17/10 per cent. to reserve.

Trustees:
MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.

Units may be bought and sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. Current price (Feb. 28) 18/-. A descriptive booklet may be obtained from any Stockbroker or Bank, The Trustees, or from the Managers :

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS LTD.
Chairman : Hartley Withers
165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2. (NATional 4931)

CVS—17

Company Meeting

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

THE HON. FRANCIS N. CURZON'S ADDRESS

The One Hundred and Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on March 1st at the Society's House at King Street, London, E.C. The chairman, The Hon. Francis N. Curzon, presided, and said (in part):—

Very sincerely to our regret and to his own disappointment Mr. Keynes felt compelled last year owing to the state of his health to resign the Chairmanship and to retire from the Board. His departure has robbed the Society of a brilliant personality; of a Chairman who has succeeded in investing these annual pronouncements with an interest far transcending the prosaic record of our own business; and his analysis of current events and his predictions of their future course were wont always to arouse the keenest expectations to a degree indeed which has been known to sway the movements of Stock Exchange prices. He was a stimulus and an inspiration to all lesser mortals, and the Society will be for ever grateful for the services he rendered to it.

Every friend of the Society will have heard of the death last year of Mr. Geoffrey Marks with a shock of surprise and keen distress.

It is satisfactory to be able to record, especially in relation to such a year as that through which we have just passed, that the business progressed satisfactorily. Once again the volume of new assurances granted exceeds that of the preceding year and creates another record. Not only so, but the ingredients of the total consist preponderatingly of what I may perhaps call "bread and butter" business; that is to say, ordinary whole life and endowment assurance policies. These results have been achieved in spite of—or perhaps I should say partly because of—a wholesale revision, mainly upward of the premium rates last autumn, and are certainly a credit to our organisation. It is satisfactory to find that the earned net rate of interest, £3 18s. 1d. per cent. shows some increase and that in spite of the increase in income tax.

The classification of the assets in the balance-sheet shows clearly the nature of the changes in investment that have taken place during the year. British Government securities have been substantially reduced and there has been an approximately corresponding increase in amounts deposited with Building Societies. Holdings of Preference Shares have also been considerably reduced. Holdings of Foreign Government securities are now reduced to a wholly negligible figure. The course of prices in 1938 was again inimical to all investment institutions, and your Society has not avoided and could not avoid the universal depreciation. We suffered a shrinkage in value of £245,266, equal to 3.2 per cent. of our total mean assets, a result which we regard as being not unsatisfactory.

The year just ended coincides with the close of another biennial period and the results of the valuation of liabilities are clearly set out in the Actuaries' report which has been adopted by the Board. Speaking generally the valuation has been made on the same basis as before except that for assurances credit has been taken for future interest earnings at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. instead of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The cost of the bonuses declared is well within the trading profits earned. The scale of bonuses namely 42s. 6d. per cent. compound for Whole Life Assurances and 37s. 6d. per cent. compound for Endowment Assurances is in itself a high one (materially higher indeed than the immediate pre-war distribution of 36s. per cent. compound in 1913). On this occasion we have felt unable to continue the special additional bonuses which were a feature of the two preceding distributions. After allowing for the cost of the bonuses now declared and for the transfer noted in the accounts the Reserve Fund will stand at a round £500,000 in addition to the amount carried forward of £177,584. Thus, after two years of unprecedentedly violent depreciation in investment values generally, the Society enters upon another valuation period with actuarial reserves calculated on a stringent basis and with free resources equal to 13.5 per cent. of the stock exchange securities.

These are difficult times for us, as investors, and no less so in our personal capacity as citizens. The growing evidence of the country's rapidly increasing strength is the best guarantee not only that war will be averted, but that real peace will be gained; and the gradual spread of this belief would enormously relieve the mind of the business man and dissipate exaggerated pessimism in financial circles.

I do not consider that the situation is by any means as bad as the state of the Stock Markets might appear to indicate. It is so easy at times such as these to take the line of least resistance and preach pessimism, but, in my opinion, this is purely destructive and only tends to weaken the position of the country.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth and needs a favourable soil wherein to grow, but if we as a nation are prepared for anything and have the right spirit within us, I am sufficiently optimistic to think that general improvement is in sight. It must always be borne in mind that the conditions of 1930-2 have not been reproduced, and though there has been a slight recession in trade for the last eighteen months, yet, largely owing to psychological reasons, the fact remains that the immense fall in all securities has been unwarranted, and I think that, given an absence of alarums and excursions abroad, a gradual improvement in America, and the assistance afforded by Trade Pacts wherever possible, and the will to see the bright side of things, we can look forward to a more prosperous future.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The Three Castles Cigarettes
W.D.&H.O.Wills
Bristol

20 for 1/4D

WILL'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

10 for 8D 15 for 1/- 50 for 3/3D 100 for 6/4D

Handmade:—20 for 1/6

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. T.T.195DR

CRUISES TO GREEK ISLANDS

April 5—24. MARSEILLES, AGRIGENTO, DELPHI, ATHENS, OLYMPIA, ISTANBUL, LESBOS, KNOSSOS, DELOS, SKYROS, NICOPOLIS.
Aug. 10—29. VENICE, DUBROVNIK, ATHENS, SCIATHOS, THASOS, SAMOTHRACE, MILETUS, DELOS, DELPHI, SUNIUM.
Aug. 25—Sept. 13. VENICE, KOTOR, DODONA, OLYMPIA, MYCENAE, EPIDAURUS, LESBOS, ISTANBUL, DELPHI, CORFU.

Lecturers: Prof. J. L. Myres, Compton Mackenzie, Stanley Casson, etc.
35—75 gns., fully inclusive, London to London.

ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS LTD., 54/55, Princes House, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, S.W.1. *REGent* 2630.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months „ „	15s. 0d.
Three „ „ „	7s. 6d.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

KI-UMA (Brand) Pain-Relieving Ointment
Regularly prescribed by Specialists at BATH

and in constant use at the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases. In the treatment of Rheumatic Complaints, KI-UMA can also be used at Home with sure benefit by all sufferers from Neuritis, Sciatica, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and kindred complaints. Send $1\frac{1}{2}$d. stamp for Sample, Literature, etc.

KI-UMA LTD., 43 CIRCUS PLACE, BATH.

To make your teeth Sparkling White

Use KOLYNOS,
the tooth paste which Dentists advise. KOLYNOS protects and preserves the teeth, keeps them free from harmful germs which cause decay. *Your teeth stay cleaner—longer.* 1/9, 1/- and 6d. of all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
REGD.